The Nation.

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The Week.

WE presume the defeat of Mr. Randall at Harrisburg in the organization of the State Democratic Committee will put an end to the talk, of which there has been a good deal, of the President's renomination having been endangered by his message about the surplus. Nobody in the Democratic party has so distinctly and unmistakably represented the opposition to Mr. Cleveland within his own party, on all sorts of grounds, good, bad, and indifferent, as Mr. Randall. He represented, too, in a peculiar degree whatever hostility there may be in the Democratic party to any revision of the tariff in the direction of lower duties. In fact, he has always been, in the House, the greatest obstacle to any revision of the tariff. Moreover, he had a Presidential "boom" of his own in preparation. Well, he has lost control of the State Committee in Pennsylvania. The election of a chairman took place on Wednesday week at Harrisburg, Mr. Randall himself being on the ground to direct operations and encourage his supporters. His "man" Sanders was beaten by a vote of 42 to 35. The Committee then proceeded to elect the Executive Committee, and the Randall ticket was again defeated. But a bitter pill still remained for Mr. Randall to swallow. A resolution was introduced by Mr. Scott, the member of Congress, heartily endorsing the Administration and in set terms the President's tariff message. The Randall party vainly protested against this as trampling on a bruised reed. The conquerors were, however, merciless, and carried it. All this in the heart of Pennsylvania, too, in the Presidential year.

A good many Republican papers with short memories are saying the same thing as the Rutland (Vt.) *Herald*, that "Mr. Lamar goes upon the bench under the reproach of being the first Justice upon whom the Senators ever largely divided according to party lines." Stanley Matthews was nominated for Justice in the last winter of President Hayes's Administration, when the Senate had forty-two Democrats out of seventy-six members, and was not confirmed. Mr. Matthews was again nominated for the place at the opening of the Garfield Administration, when the Senate was so evenly divided between parties that David Davis held the balance of power, and after long delay he was finally confirmed by one majority on an almost strictly party vote. Mr. Lamar having taken his seat on the Supreme Bench, it remains to be seen whether his appointment will be made a Republican issue in the coming Presidential canvass. It seems as if it would be rather a good thing to take up, because, like the tariff, a President who was elected on it would never have to act on it. With the Lamar issue, the Foraker hand-shaking issue, the surplus issue, the rebel-flag issue, the "Paris message," and ex-Gov. Fairchild's three kinds of palsy, the party ought to be able to make a desperate fight next summer.

The opposition in the House to the bill authorizing the issue of national-bank circulation to the par value of the bonds deposited as security therefor, instead of 90 per cent., as at present, are behaving in a very unseemly manner. The bill comes as a report from the Committee on Banking and Currency. It is before the House in the regular way. Mr. Weaver, the Iowa Greenbacker, has declared his intention to filibuster against the bill, or, as he puts it, to "apply properly the parliamentary rules of the House." This means that when the majority are in favor of a bill that you are opposed to, you will prevent the taking of a vote upon it by moving to adjourn and calling the yeas and nays on that motion, and then moving that when the House adjourns it shall adjourn to a particular day, and then calling the yeas and nays on that, and requiring the yeas and nays to be read aloud by the clerk, etc., etc. Mr. Weaver got only 55 members to vote with him against taking up the bill, 151 voting the other way; but since one-fifth of the members are sufficient to order the yeas and nays on any motion, there seems to be no way to overcome Weaver but to tire him out as he is trying to tire the House. It is quite as likely that a sufficient number of members can be found to vindicate the dignity of the body by sitting up o' nights, as that one-fifth of the members will sit up in order to help Weaver weave his web of dilatory motions. The bill itself is not nearly so favorable to bank circulation as Weaver's fancy paints it; but whether it be more or less so, the House owes it to itself to put an end to such spite work.

Ex-Justice Strong of the Supreme Court, who delivers a course of lectures on the Constitution before a Washington law school every winter, was asked by a student during one of his lectures last week whether in his opinion the Blair bill was constitutional. "I do not see how it can be constitutional," he replied. "It is my opinion that it is unconstitutional, and this I believe to be the opinion also of the present bench." This expression of opinion will not surprise anybody who is familiar with the course of the Supreme Court during the past fifteen years. Nobody can read the State-rights decisions rendered in such cases as the Kuklux Act and the Civil Rights Act without becoming convinced that, so long as the Republican judges who thus maintained the rights of the States remain on the bench, the court would promptly annul any bill establishing Federal control over education in the States if it should become a law. Judge Strong's remarks fully vindicate Senator Hawley's warfare against this measure on the ground of its unconstitutionality. The conviction of its equal unwisdom is steadily gaining strength.

A convention which had been in session at Washington for several days devising means to reduce the surplus, brought its labors to a triumphant close on Wednesday week. The resolutions adopted are adequate to the threatening condition of the surplus. They propose that the Government shall pay to every American ship engaged in foreign trade, whether steam or sail, 30 cents per ton for each 1,000 miles of distance sailed, and *pro rata* for any less distance than 1,000 miles—that is to say, a thousand-ton sailing ship sailing to Liverpool would be entitled to draw from the Treasury $900 per trip, or $1,800 per round trip. A steamer of 5,000 tons would draw $9,000 per round trip. In order to guard against fraud, it is provided that the distances shall be certified by the Hydrographic Office to the Treasury, so that no designing skipper sailing to remote ports can take the longest way around in order to enlarge his subsidy. No allowance is made for lying to in bad weather, or for detention in foreign ports. Nor is it required that the ship shall carry any paying cargo. A ship going in ballast, as they are sometimes compelled to, may draw the same amount of money as one carrying tea or silks. This, however, is in harmony with the spirit of the proposed measure, which aims not at the carrying of freight, but the carrying of the flag, as the last resolution shows. This resolution breathes the loftiest patriotism. After reciting that the vast manufacturing and commercial interests of this country are entitled to a foreign mail service, it is resolved that "such service can only be relied upon, in peace and war, from American hands warmed by American hearts under the American flag." But there is nothing in the resolution even remotely implying that "American hands" are to be exclusively employed, or employed at all, in this service. The only requirement is that the capital invested shall be exclusively American. Capital warmed at the rate of thirty cents per ton per thousand miles would not need the warming of American hearts in addition.

From statements made by Mr. W. L. Garrison and Mr. Arthur T. Lyman in the Boston *Post*, it is learned that the wool trade of Boston was not represented in the recent wool conference at Washington, and also that the carpet manufacturers did not agree to the programme finally put forth as the voice of the united interests of wool-dealers, growers, and manufacturers. It may be set down as a fact that any manufacturer of woollens who says that he is in favor of a tariff on the raw material of his industry tells an untruth. He is no more a free moral agent than were the guests of the Arkansas tavern-keeper who kept a pistol in sight at the head of his table, and said, "Any man who says he don't like hash, lies." Mr. Ly-

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man, who is at the head of the Lowell Manufacturing Company, states an undoubted truth when he says that "under the wool-growers' threat of taking off the duty on manufactured goods, the manufacturers and dealers yielded to their demands for a restoration of the rates of 1867 or even higher rates." The worsted manufacturers have been crushed by the duties on their raw material and by the changes in the art of combing wool. They are now in a position where no attack made upon them by the wool-growers could do them harm. If all duties on wool and on worsteds were removed, they would be in a far better position than they are now. It is amazing that they should give even a tacit assent to this pernicious agreement. Probably the bill introduced by Mr Breckinridge to classify as woollen all worsted cloth imported, by whatever name it is known to the trade, is introduced with the expectation that the worsted manufacturers will ere long coöperate with the tariff reformers in efforts for free wool.

The Boston *Commercial Bulletin*, the special trade organ of high tariffs in New England, shows signs of wavering on the subject of the duties on carpet wool. Its latest opinions on that question are based upon a collection and compilation of the views of wool-growers, dealers, and manufacturers in various parts of the country collected by the *Bulletin* itself. A glance at the replies of the parties whose letters are published shows clearly that there is an intestinal strife among the three interests—growers, dealers, and manufacturers—that has not been allayed by the recent convention at Washington, and that cannot be. The special significance of the *Bulletin's* article is that, in spite of the apparent harmony secured at the Washington conference, the manufacturers, or, at all events, the carpet-makers, have not desisted from the agitation, but are keeping up the fight, notwithstanding the threat of the wool-growers to repeal *all* duties on woollen manufactures if the wool duties are disturbed. It is perfectly understood that anybody who is enjoying "protection" under the tariff as now constituted is at liberty to become a roaring free-trader if his part of the tariff is meddled with. He can run amuck at the whole list of duties without incurring any opprobrium or the imputation of British gold. But all others—that is, all who are so unfortunately situated that they cannot be protected by the tariff, or have been neglected by the tariff-makers—are to be jumped on as enemies of American industry and of American wage-workers if they favor any reduction of duties whatever. This line of distinction between friends and enemies of American labor is likely to become well marked as the fight goes on.

The letter of President Corbin on the Reading strike is a conclusive and crushing rejoinder to all the accusations and appeals that have been made to him to surrender his company to the Knights of Labor coal-handlers, trainmen, and miners, to be operated in their peculiar fashion of delivering freight only to good men, and mining coal only in case it is to be handled by the good and true; the discrimination between the good and the bad to be made by the local district assemblies. One would have supposed *à priori* that so fantastic a conception of railway traffic could never have entered into the head of any civilized creature. But we know that it did enter into the head of Martin Irons and his whole following of Knights in the Southwest as lately as two years ago, and that it resulted in the destruction of the order on the Southwestern system. President Corbin's letter makes it clear and certain that it will have the same result on the Reading system. The fact that the Reading Company was once ruined by selling coal for less than cost, having made a net loss of $12,000,000 in twelve years, which has only recently been made good by an assessment of that sum on the holders of its securities, is pretty good bail that President Corbin means business when he says that the company will not recede from the position it has taken. It will not recede because it cannot. But the miners will recede by and by, because they cannot live on air. The Reading Company has been trying to live on air for twelve years, and has failed in the attempt. It now seeks a more substantial diet.

The seekers for signs in the political firmament can find a very significant one in the first public banquet of the Reform Club on Saturday evening. Here was an organization, scarcely thought of a month ago, assembling in such great numbers that the rooms, which were feared to be too large when selected, were filled to overflowing, tables having to be set in the lobbies to accommodate those who were crowded from the main hall. Nearly or quite all in attendance had enrolled themselves as members, and the first official announcement which the President of the Club made was that the first limit of membership, 400, had been filled and that steps were already taken for the purchase of a club-house. No one who was present at the banquet could have been long in doubt as to what was the real cause of this phenomenally sudden growth. It was revealed when, at the first mention of President Cleveland's name by the Chairman, the whole assemblage broke into a roar of applause which seemed inexhaustible, and which was renewed with undiminished volume whenever throughout the evening the same name was spoken. The Club has, in short, sprung into existence full-grown in answer to the President's call for courage in politics.

The "Preachers' Meeting of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Baltimore" has disclaimed "all sympathy with and concurrence in the act of the President of the United States, performed in commemoration of the Pope's golden jubilee," as a "new departure in making such marked official recognition of a religious hierarchy claiming also temporal sovereignty." It would, of course, have been better if the President's act had had the approval of the Preachers' Meeting, but one has some difficulty in seeing the great importance of it. The Pope is one of the great facts of the world. Some hundreds of millions of people acknowledge him as the head of their Church. If by withholding recognition of him the President could abolish the Papacy, most good Protestants would probably think it a good thing to do. But this is impossible. As long as there is a Pope, and millions, of whom large numbers are fully as pious and conscientious as the Baltimore Preachers, revere and obey him, he becomes a proper object of courtesy to every civilized man, and especially to every civilized ruler. He is a far more estimable and useful person than the Czar of Russia or the Sultan of Turkey, and yet the Preachers would not have objected to a birthday or other present from the President of the United States to either of these. Moreover, it has always been held until now that the present of a good book was one which the best men could properly make to the very worst. The lower the opinion we have of the Pope, the more anxious should we be to put good literature in his way. Satan himself, the Preachers will admit, ought to have the Bible or any other good book put into his hands, if he could be got to read it. Why, then, not give the Constitution of the United States to the head of the oldest Christian denomination? The Preachers are also of opinion that the President's gift was "a political discourtesy if not offence to King Humbert." How can this be when King Humbert himself offered presents to the Pope, which the Pope refused to receive? The Preachers would feel very queer if King Humbert told them they had been making great fools of themselves about the whole matter, and yet we venture to assert that this is exactly what he would tell them if they asked him to speak his whole mind, for he is a plain, blunt man.

Gov. Hill, in granting a three days' respite to Driscoll, the murderer, intimated that he wished to help remove the stigma now resting on Friday as "hangman's day"; but if he expects to be able to rehabilitate Friday, he is greatly mistaken. He has one of the strongest traditions of the Christian world to contend against, and it is one which has now become a deeply rooted superstition even among people who care nothing about Christian traditions. Eighteen centuries of disgrace rest on Friday. All sailors and all servant girls, and especially cooks, all who dislike to sit thirteen at table, and all who have vivid dreams, regard it with deep suspicion. Moreover, millions who are not superstitious dislike beginning any long undertaking on Friday. Nobody is willing to be married on Friday, or would be born on that day if he could help it. From the earliest days of modern criminal jurisprudence it has been set apart as a peculiarly suitable day for the infliction of capital punishment. What harm this does, or why Gov. Hill should dislike it, it is hard to see. There is nobody especially interested in

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Friday above any other day. There is no Friday vote. "Labor," we believe, dislikes Friday extremely, as a day on which there is never a holiday. In fact, there is some danger that Labor may resent an attempt to discredit Monday by deferring an execution to that day, as Monday is a day on which Labor is apt to enjoy itself. Moreover, Labor Day is the first *Monday* in September, so that it seems to us, in showing a want of respect for Monday, the Governor has put himself "in a hole" of the worst kind. Friday has no friends, but Monday has many, as he will find to his cost.

The object of the imprisonment of so many editors and orators in Ireland was to frighten them so that they would stop agitating, but now that the first victims of the law are beginning to emerge from prison after the expiration of their terms, it does not appear that much progress has been made. The editors and orators are apparently as defiant as ever, and ready to begin over again, and have been immensely raised in the estimation of the mass of the people. Moreover, there is no perceptible diminution in the agitation. The meetings, making allowance for the season, are still numerous, the plan of campaign is still carried out, and is proving more or less successful. The National League, too, continues to hold its meetings. There is a great scarcity of outrages, owing, doubtless, to the strenuous exertions of the leaders to prevent anything that will shock English opinion. In short, Mr. Balfour seems to be succeeding about as well as Mr. Forster. Mr. Forster locked up a great many men, but made them very comfortable in jail. Mr. Balfour locks up only a few, and treats them very badly in jail. The result is about the same. It remains to be seen how long the English constituencies, with whom the final decision now rests, will allow the farce to continue. They would probably stop it at once if they could be consulted, but the Ministry are determined not to consult them as long as they can help it. They say their policy must have a full trial.

The British Ministry are apparently threatened with a fresh crop of difficulties in Wales and Scotland, the land question being at the bottom of them all. In Wales there is fierce resistance to the tithes collected from the farmers for the benefit of the Anglican clergy, which compels the Sheriff to call for the assistance of nearly 2,000 police and soldiers. The trouble is, that the Anglican or Established Church in Wales is the church of the gentry. Hardly any of the Welsh people belong to it: they are mainly nonconformists of various denominations. Its clergy is supported, nevertheless, in large part by tithes levied on the farmers, who never enter its church doors, as used to be the case in Ireland. The Welsh are ordinarily peaceable and submissive, and bore this without a murmur as long as the times were good. But now that farmers find it very hard to make a living at all, and that the Irish have won so much by resistance, the Welsh, too, are adopting the "plan of campaign" against the Episcopal clergy; that is, they refuse to pay anything at all, or only what they think reasonable. And the clergy, who have to live, have delivered them over to the secular arm. In Scotland the disorder is simply agrarian. The crofters, or holders of small patches of land, find they cannot make a living on their holdings, and look with longing eyes on the great sheep-pastures and the parks into which so much of Scotland has been converted, and have taken to driving off the sheep and killing the deer. It is in vain that the political economists explain to them that sheep farming on a large scale is more profitable than their little spade husbandry, and that the mountains would never bring so much rent in any way as in "shootings" for rich Englishmen and Americans. Gunboats and marines have had to be sent against them. A jury has just acquitted a batch of them who were put on trial in Edinburgh, in spite of a strong condemnatory charge from the judge. If the Scotch should really get their blood up, a coercion bill for them would have to be the first work before Parliament when it meets in February.

The movement in England to unite the two branches of the legal profession, so that every lawyer may be able to practise either as a barrister or solicitor, as he pleases, has been fathered by the Solicitor-General, Sir Edward Clarke, who has made a very telling statement of objections to the present system of separation. The two principal objections are that it increases expense, by compelling every litigant to employ two separate lawyers, neither of whom is responsible in any way for the charges made by the other, and that it keeps young barristers in a state of idleness and often of destitution, in the early years when, although not competent to try cases in court, they are abundantly competent to prepare them for trial, or, in other words, to do the solicitor's work. But we believe the objection which most American lawyers who have watched trials in English courts would put in the foreground is, that the solicitor's instructions to the barrister cannot and do not take the place of personal communication between the barrister and the client which the English system forbids; and that consequently English jury cases are rarely as thoroughly tried as American cases are. The barrister, in other words, is never, or rarely, as completely charged with his subject as the American counsel is, and, owing to his never seeing his client, and having another man to stand between him and himself, does not feel the same sense of responsibility to him that the American lawyer feels. At the same time, we believe a good many American lawyers are of opinion that many advocates do their work in court far better when instructed by an expert than when instructed by a client. It is not every man who has the art of extracting from a client the essential features in his case, nor is it every man who finds out for himself whether he has the art or not. Of course it may be said that the work here divides itself naturally between the man who knows how to prepare and the man who knows how to present, but this division is not so easy as it appears at first sight, because when the barrister is made accessible to the client, every client insists on getting at him and "stuffing" him before the case goes to trial. He cannot put a litigant off by telling him that his story had better come to him through a third person.

The final refusal of the French Ministry, by a unanimous vote, to allow M. de Lesseps to start a lottery to raise money for the Panama Canal has caused another sharp drop in the shares, and led the old gentleman to issue a circular in which he gravely announces that he is going to appeal to the Chambers against the decision of the Cabinet, and asks the public to back him up by bringing pressure to bear on the Deputies. Even if he does not get his lottery, he is going to issue more bonds, he says, containing "the fullest guarantees." There is, however, no guarantee now which would do the canal any good except that of the French Government, and this he will never get until the Government makes up its mind to own the canal. This would be an adventure from which even Louis Napoleon would have shrunk, and which such rickety Cabinets as French Cabinets now are will hardly venture on. But the Cabinet must come to some decision as to what is to be done when Lesseps dies or comes absolutely to the end of his resources, in order to avert a dangerous panic.

Anarchism had a merry-go-round at Havre on Monday. Louise Michel was addressing a crowd of Anarchists. In the midst of her discourse a man named Lucas, one of the audience, fired two pistol shots at her, one of which took effect in her head. The other Anarchists set upon Lucas with the intention of lynching him, but the police, who have an inconvenient, superserviceable habit of "shadowing" Anarchist meetings, interfered and rescued him after he had been pretty savagely kicked and trampled on. Louise was taken to a hospital and Lucas to prison. It was learned on examination that Lucas had sought the hand of Louise in marriage—an Anarchist marriage of course—and had been rejected. All this was consistent with the principles of Anarchism. The only incident calculated to wound the finer sensibilities of an Anarchist was the untimely interference of the police. If an Anarchist woman refuses to marry an Anarchist man, why should he not kill her? Science tells us that man in the primitive state—the natural state that Anarchism seeks to revert to — universally "went courting" with a club. When he found a woman to his liking, he ordered her to follow him to his cave or hollow tree, and if she refused or hesitated, he knocked her down and dragged her off. This is the custom among Australian savages now. What unreasonable beings the other Anarchists at the Havre meeting were to interfere with Lucas's attempt to revive the customs of the golden age.

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GOVERNMENT DEPOSITS IN THE NATIONAL BANKS.

MR. JOHN JAY KNOX, in a recent article in the *Independent*, remarks that while there is no question about the security of the Government's money (some $50,000,000) deposited in national banks, "it will require very delicate management on the part of the Secretary of the Treasury to withdraw so large an amount from the banks at any time in the future without great disturbance to the business interests of the country." This is obviously a correct prognostication. The money is deposited in the banks because there is no outlet for the Treasury's accumulations. To hoard it in the Government vaults would be "contraction" at the rate of ten millions per month, and that is not to be thought of. Anything is better than that. The banks get this money without interest. They could hardly afford to pay interest, because they are obliged to buy bonds to deposit in the Treasury as security, and take the risk of their declining in the market, as they are pretty sure to do when the money is drawn out and the bonds have to be sold to get back the money to pay the Government. The Government deposits are meanwhile loaned to the banks' customers, the borrowing public, the business community throughout the length and breadth of the country. When the money is recalled by the Government, it must be recalled by the banks from their customers. It has gone into business channels. It is part of the "life blood of commerce." This is an exceedingly artificial state of things.

The taxpayers are not, as a general rule, lenders of money on commercial paper. They do not discount bills of exchange, or make advances on warehouse receipts, or on stocks and bonds. Merchants and manufacturers are not accustomed to rely on cash resources coming in small driblets from the people in their character as payers of indirect taxes. But this is exactly what is now going on at a pretty rapid rate. The Government is merely an intermediary, gathering up money from the consumers of sugar, tobacco, liquor, blankets, etc., and lending it to traders of every description to carry on their business with—an anomalous and ridiculous condition of affairs, not so disastrous as would be the hoarding of the money in the Treasury, but, as Mr. Knox says, creating a situation of much delicacy, and requiring extreme prudence on the part of the Secretary of the Treasury.

If we go back fifty years in our history, we shall find a similar state of things, as Mr. Knox also reminds us. On the first of November, 1836, the Government had on deposit in eighty-nine banks $49,377,986. These were the so-called "pet banks" of the Jackson and Van Buren Administrations. An act of Congress had been passed to distribute this surplus in four instalments among the States. The deposits in the banks were drawn upon for this purpose, but the business community, to whom the banks had lent the money, could not respond. Before the third instalment had been paid to the States the banks suspended, and the crisis of 1837 set in. The Government itself soon afterward suspended, and was obliged to issue Treasury notes to pay the salaries of its own officers and employees. It would perhaps be too much to say that the crisis of 1837 was caused by the Government's action in first swelling the amount of bank and mercantile credit, and then curtailing it in the manner described. Other causes were at work to the same end. But the Government's action was well calculated to precipitate disaster if the materials for one were at hand.

Mr. Knox points out the advantage to be gained in this critical situation by promptly passing the bill now pending in the House to authorize the banks to issue notes up to the par value of the bonds held by them as security for circulation, instead of 90 per cent. This would give them about $20,000,000 with which to meet the call of the Secretary for the deposited money. If this bill were amended so as to make it possible for banks in the large cities to retire from circulation the notes that they do not want to keep out—that is, by authorizing the reduction of the minimum amount of bonds held by each bank to one-tenth of its capital—there would be no increase in the aggregate amount of national-bank notes whatever, but merely a redistribution of them from places where they are not wanted to places where they are wanted, from the city banks to the country banks. And this would be especially helpful in view of the Government deposits in the banks, since the city banks can easily pay when called on, while the strain will be heaviest on the banks and business men of the small towns.

THE "BLOODY SHIRT" SYMBOL.

"BILL" CHANDLER, the new leader of the Republican party, has hitherto met with pretty good success in rallying Republicans to the standard of the "bloody shirt," which he unfurled as soon as he entered the Senate Chamber last month. With very few exceptions the Republican press has obeyed the orders of the commander, and applauded his reactionary proposals for Federal control of elections in the South and his warfare against Mr. Lamar. It had begun to look as though the Republican platform of 1888 was to be made by hopeless Bourbons without any effective protest.

But a revolt has suddenly broken out in the camp, which involves the repudiation of the whole bloody-shirt policy. The West has always been the favorite field of the Bourbons, and Iowa, of all the Western States, their especial stronghold. It has been a curious and puzzling question why the West, which is enterprising and progressive in material things, should be dull and slow in questions of national policy, but so it has long been. People in the East found out that the war was over long ago, but there seem to be many communities in the West where the inhabitants suppose that the strife is still raging, and sit up at night to get the latest news from the front. Easterners are commonly styled narrow and selfish by Westerners in comparison with themselves, yet it has been along the Atlantic seaboard, rather than on the prairies, that the magnanimity requisite to national reconciliation was developed. The "cold" New Englander has warmed towards his Southern brethren in the reunited nation, while the "bluff and hearty" Western man has kept on taunting them with their defeat, and yelling all sorts of opprobrious epithets at them.

When, therefore, a representative Republican newspaper of the West serves notice upon the Republican party that it must change its ways on this question, it means a great deal; and this is what was done by the *Iowa State Register* on Sunday week. The *Register* is the leading Republican paper of Iowa, and its editor, Mr. J. S. Clarkson, is the Iowa member of the Republican National Committee. Hitherto, it has always been an out-and-out bloody-shirt organ, calling all Southerners—except the few who vote the Republican ticket—"rebels," ranting about "the Confederacy in the saddle," and talking generally like a Bourbon of the Bourbons.

The "constant reader" of the *Register* undoubtedly rubbed his eyes soon after he began the editorial entitled "The Party Platform for 1888," to make sure that he was awake, for more surprising matter he had never encountered in those columns. The article set out with the declaration that "the contest of 1888 will be decided fully as much by the platform as the candidate, if, indeed, the platform is not far more important than the candidate." It proceeded to attribute the defeat of 1884 largely to the platform of that year. Dropping that absurd pretence about the party's having been beaten by poor old Dr. Burchard, the *Register* confessed—and the confession must have been good for its soul—that "it was Republican business men voting against their party who defeated it in New York, Connecticut, and New Jersey."

Looking to the future, the *Register* asks, "How shall the platform of 1888 be so made as to regain these business men and to recoup the party for its losses in 1884?" It insists that this is not a matter of sentiment, but one of deliberate political calculation and solution. "It is clear," the *Register* says, "that the seaboard cities are determined to have good relations reëstablished with the South. It is clear," it adds, "that there is no longer a majority in the North to respond to the nobler issues on which the Republican party has so long stood. *It is clear*," it finally asserts in the bluntest manner, "*that there is no longer a majority in the North to sustain that idea in public affairs symbolized by the name of the bloody shirt.*"

The *Register*, for consistency's sake, deplores the fact that such a state of things exists, but it frankly admits that it does exist. Things being so, it says: "The Republican party may still breast the current and so prove the heroic spirit of its organization and purpose; but what good is it to it, or any interest it would serve, when in doing so

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it keeps itself out of power, and therefore unable to protect in the least degree any interest of the loyal people, or any interest of the survivors of the Union Army?" The *Register* goes on to point out that the Republican party, by clinging to the bloody shirt, "has at the same time kept itself incapable of gaining new friends in the South." It holds that Kentucky, North Carolina, Tennessee, and the Virginias have a majority of voters who are with the Republican party on the tariff issue, "and who would vote the Republican ticket if they did not have to vote, in doing so, for a platform which taunts them with their record in the war." It concludes that the time has come to "desectionalize the party," to bid for the support of the "new voters"—in short, to renounce Bourbonism and all its works; and it thus calls upon the West to take the lead in the change of base which it recommends:

"The war is nearly twenty-five years away. The republic is now to be reunited, and the Republican party is the only one the country has ever had with heart and brain both great enough thoroughly to reunite it. The Eastern States have practically decided for the departure; the great seaboard cities have fully decided in favor of it; the West and South are neighbors in location and interest and are rapidly growing together. A million new voters are being added every four years, to whom the war for the Union is a history and not a personal experience, and who are not swayed by its passions or memories. The South will never yield the power it has taken back to itself, and can keep to itself on the line of the old issues of the war, and the majority of the North has refused longer to antagonize it on that line. The North is Puritan and the South Cavalier. The Puritan with a thing accomplished turns his back upon it, and goes forward to new things. The Puritan is the North. Can he not conquer the Cavalier by recasting the issues of the day, and showing himself to be his neighbor and willing to be his partner? Feeling has died down in the North, and as it shall die down here so will it disappear in the South."

The *Register* concludes, as it began, with the declaration that "the Republican party failed on its platform of 1884," and that "it must change its platform if it shall win in 1888." The importance of such a pronunciamiento from such a source cannot be easily exaggerated. It means a break in the bloody-shirt ranks, where a "united front" was the only hope, small as that hope was, of the Northern Bourbons. It means that the bloody shirt must go.

We heartily congratulate the *Register* upon its awakening, and wish it well in its efforts to arouse other Republican organs to a realizing sense of the situation. At the same time we feel bound to add that it is a case where wisdom comes too late. The *Register's* article was published on Sunday. On Monday all but three of the Northern Republican Senators voted to reject a thoroughly reconstructed Southerner for Supreme Court Judge on the ground that he was a "rebel" and "traitor." No Southern State will vote in November, 1888, for a party which thus treated a representative Southern man in January, 1888. Nor will any death-bed repentance of the *Register's* sort bring back into the Republican party patriotic Northern men like that veteran Republican and Union soldier, Col. George E. Waring, jr., of Newport, R. I., who was finally driven to abandon it, in his own words, by "the attitude of the party leaders towards the confirmation of Mr. Lamar."

THE PRESENT STATE OF SUBSCRIPTION.

THE dissensions in the American Board over the lawfulness of letting the heathen know anything about the doctrine of future probation, have directed fresh attention to the present state of subscription to creeds in the churches. On this subject a distinguished theologian recently published some advice to a young minister. The latter was supposed to be in an uneasy position ecclesiastically. Allusion was made to the suspicions of his orthodoxy entertained by his older ministerial brethren, to his own longing for a more congenial, because more liberal and up-to-date, denomination, and to various other thorns in his cushion. It was rather curious, however, that not the faintest reference was made to the question of the young man's personal honesty, in the attitude in which he found himself towards a creed which was distasteful to him, though he had sworn allegiance to it. It was curious, and yet it was not at all curious, as things are going; for subscription has come to be largely recognized as more of a form than anything else, and the case cited is simply significant of the lapsing of the question so strenuously debated fifty years ago.

It should not be inferred from this that there is no longer any restlessness on the part of young men in submitting to the same creed tests from which some of their fathers shrank, or that consciences are not as tender now as a generation ago. The difference is that palliatives have been discovered in the last score of years. One of these is an open and distinct relaxing of the terms of subscription. This has appeared in English and Scotch ecclesiastical legislation, but has not, so far as the writer knows, yet overcome the prejudice in America against English importations. In the University Tests Act of 1871, the burden of subscription to the Articles was entirely taken off the backs of the students at Oxford and Cambridge, except in the cases of divinity students, who, with the fellows, professors, and heads of colleges, were still required to subscribe. The latter, however, were supposed to be greatly relieved, in common with all clergymen of the Church of England, by the Clerical Subscription Act of 1865, which substituted a general assent in the place of a declaration of assent to "each and every article." It was indeed argued in Parliament, at the time of the proposed change, that there was no real letting down involved, since the whole was made up of all its parts, and there could be no honest assent to the whole if some parts were excluded; furthermore, it was said, if a subscriber may exclude any one part, he may also any other, and thus there would be no validity to the creed whatever. But these views were argued against by the friends of the bill, and it has been accepted as a great boon by troubled consciences. In this way Dr. Arnold's idea of subscription, which gave considerable scandal in its day, had to wait only twenty-four years for legal enactment. It was in 1841 that he wrote to an old pupil: "The real honesty of a subscription appears to me to consist in a sympathy with the system to which you subscribe, in a preference of it, not negatively, merely as better than most others, but positively, as in itself good and true in all its most characteristic points."

But that even this has not afforded thorough and permanent relief appeared from an article in the *Nineteenth Century* for September, 1885, entitled, "Why Men Will Not be Clergymen," written by a young Oxford man, Mr. Hubert Handley, who said that he, with many others in the universities, were far from being satisfied with the relieving legislation of '65; that their education had led them to believe many things which not only found no countenance, but were positively denounced, in the Articles; and that, while they had the greatest reverence for Christianity and a high affection for the Church of England, they could not see their way to take orders honestly. A postscript to the article stated that, since writing what had gone before, the author had been informed by the highest authority of the Church that a clergyman was at liberty to hold any scientific or historical opinions he pleased; but it added that, if this were so, it ought to be made known, directly and legally. Till it should be, the Oxford young man felt the old difficulty.

Even in Scotland, where men proverbially take their theology so hard, a beginning has been made in rendering subscription less severe. The Synod of the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland adopted in 1879 a declaratory act, expressive of the sense in which the ministers and elders of that denomination are to be understood when they assent to the Westminster Confession. The explanation amounts to this, that they do not take several of the clauses of that symbol in the obvious meaning of the words. But the important thing is that the movement was decidedly in the direction of liberality, and that it has been hailed as a great relief by many who have benefited by it.

A second palliative is found in the various movements for creed-revision. Of actual accomplishment little can be said. The Creed Commission of the Congregational Church, and the new creed devised by that body and submitted, with general acceptance, to the denomination, are the most recent and positive achievements in this direction. The Cumberland Presbyterians before that had got out their new and revised edition of the Westminster for their own use. There is more or less sporadic talk in the Presbyterian Church of attempting a revision of its doctrinal standards, but nothing tangible has resulted, thus far, except the relief given some advocates of amendment in freeing their minds by speaking out in meeting. In fact, it would seem that little more is to be expected along this line. The Congregationalists are at present serving as a warning to the other denominations. Within the limits of ministerial clubs, it is often admitted that the creed is not exactly what it ought to be, and that it would be a great

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comfort if some of its items had not so laboriously to be explained away; yet all hasten to add that the time has not yet come for any change.

One reason why they do not feel it imperative that there should be a change, and the most effective of all the palliatives, is to be found in the fact that subscription is nowhere taken so seriously as it used to be. That is to say, what was attempted for clergymen of the Church of England in the act of 1865 has been quietly and almost insensibly brought into practice in this country. An ambiguous assent, in general terms, is everywhere substituted for the older strict acceptance of the letter. In few cases has this come about through any distinct ecclesiastical action. It is simply custom gradually gaining the force of law. Men now assent to creeds as a "system," "as a whole," and feel at perfect liberty to reject certain parts—a considerable number of parts, sometimes—parts once, at least, thought vital to the system.

Probably the most conspicuous instance of such an assent is the subscription to the Articles of the Episcopal Church in the United States by its candidates for orders, which is, so to speak, by indirection, that is, by engagement "to conform to the doctrines and worship" of that Church. None of its clergymen are held strictly bound by the merely formal assent they give before ordination. A prominent clergyman of that Church felt entire freedom to say of the Articles, publicly, that they "are not generally approved." It is clear that, in such a case, subscription cannot be felt as a burden. Similarly, though in a less degree, has it fared with the Presbyterian churches. Since the reunion of the Old with the New School branch, an acknowledged, if not a strictly legal, latitude has been attached to subscription to the Westminster Confession. Certainly the Presbyterian subscription is allowed to mean some things in New York city which it would not be allowed to mean in Pittsburgh. It is allowed to mean some things in Pittsburgh which it would not be allowed to mean in South Carolina. If a young man seriously asks what forms and shades of doctrine are essential to the system to which his assent is required, the highest Presbyterian authority will tell him that it is an unsettled question. But if he wanted to find out what the entire Church would consider to be the heretical among several competing opinions, his only way would be to try to carry a case through all the church courts. This will not be found exactly a royal road to knowledge.

Now, it would be a mistake to infer that the condition of things thus outlined shows moral looseness on the part of those concerned. The ministers and authorities of the churches are not guilty of playing fast and loose with such solemn obligations. The difficulty is rather in a complete oversight of the question. The vast majority show themselves unwilling to take steps to remove what a few feel to be a grave defect, because the vast majority do not perceive that any defect exists. Their minds are directed almost exclusively to other aspects of ministerial life. Their profession is an exacting and absorbing pursuit. Matters of immediate practical concern loom up so large that remote and delicate questions, like the one in hand, are not seen. It may be safely said that the matter of subscription to a creed is a thing to which the great mass of clergymen do not give many minutes of thought in a year. To most of them the whole affair is *res adjudicata*; they signed the creed so many years ago, at ordination or installation, and since then they have not bothered their heads about it. If you talk to them about church extension, about missions, about the relation of laboring men to the churches, you find them awake and interested; but if you once begin on the question of subscription, it strikes them like a particularly dry bit of ancient history.

BYRON'S CENTENARY.

THE absence of any widespread interest in the centenary of Lord Byron, which occurred on Sunday, is a marvellous illustration of the vicissitudes of literary reputation. Only in Greece was public notice taken of it. The brilliancy with which his fame burst forth, the unexampled rapidity with which it spread through Europe, the powerful influence it continued to exert on the youth of the next age, were to the men who witnessed them sure signs of the magnitude of his future renown. The decadence into which it has fallen would have been incredible to them. But so far are we from that strong impression of his genius that the comical incident of his grandson, Lord Wentworth's, feeling himself called on to protest against any public notice of the illustrious poet from whom he sprang, excites only a feeling of amusement, and seems a kind of caricature of the irony of fate. It was Byron's distinction to have been the first man of letters who enjoyed an international reputation at once; and one can hardly credit the fact that he has shrunk so wonderfully. In the month that he died Sir Walter Scott, in a brief article which attracted wide attention, said that it seemed almost as if the sun in heaven had been extinguished; and when Scott soon followed him, Landor, writing to Crabb Robinson, remarked that the death of these two had "put the fashionable world into deep mourning," and drew gloomy predictions, in the well-known manner of contemporaries, because the great men were leaving no successors.

Something of the shock of Byron's death and of the exaltation of his genius at the moment was due to the manner in which he met his end; he had fallen like one of his own heroes, died in a cause, and appealed to the romantic feeling of the age. Even then, however, to admire him was found to be a different thing from approving him. When the thirty-seven guns had been fired at Missolonghi, and the Turks had responded with "an exultant volley," and the ship had brought home the remains, the Abbey was refused, and he was buried in the common soil of England. Two incidents of the funeral bring him very near to us. Lady Caroline Lamb met the cortège as she was driving, and, on being told, in answer to her question, that it was Byron's, fainted in her carriage; and Mary Shelley, as she saw the procession winding down, reflected on the short-sightedness of human life, asking who could have foretold at Lerici such changes as she had witnessed in two short years.

Hobhouse could raise only a thousand pounds for a memorial with all his efforts, but with this he got Thorwaldsen to make a statue which was sent to England in 1834. The Abbey was again refused, and, to the discredit of the nation, this work was allowed to remain stored away in the Custom-house eleven years, because no fit place could be got to put it. At last, in 1845, Dr. Whewell gave permission to set it up in the Library of Trinity, which it still adorns. Thirty years later came the miserable fiasco of Beaconsfield's Committee, which, far from making Newstead Abbey a national possession and gathering there the relics of Byron, placed in Hamilton Park (other sites being refused) that statue of the poet leaning on the rocks, with his dog Boatswain beside him, which can only be described as popular melodrama in stone, beautiful only for the mass of red marble which the Greek Government gave for its base. It is to be remarked, also, that at this time the Abbey was a third time practically refused, as Dean Stanley, out of respect to the action of his two predecessors, but not apparently for any other reason, precluded application for erecting a tablet there by a letter in which he said he preferred the subject should not be brought before him.

The history of monuments, however, is not necessarily proof of fame. Others of England's greatest do not sleep in the Abbey, and the hero not infrequently waits for his statue a long age. The place of fame is on the lips of men, and Macaulay, when Moore's Life came out, could speak of Byron as "the most celebrated man in Europe." The decline of his vogue was nevertheless rapid and unmistakable. We all remember Carlyle's oracle — "Close thy Byron; open thy Goethe." This must have been about 1840. But, unfortunately, as one writer observes, to open Goethe is to return to Byron's greatness. Did not Goethe tell Eckermann that a man of Byron's eminence would not come again, nor —save the mark!—such a tragedy as "Cain"? He thought him greater than Milton—"vast and widely varied," whereas the latter was only simple and stately. Perhaps, as we have been told, Goethe was flattered by Byron's imitation.

Whatever was the reason, the critical judgment of Goethe is one to be weighed with regard to Byron, and to himself, also, for that matter. What part Goethe's praise may have had in making Byron the hero of "Young Germany" we have no means of determining, but his works were vital in the new age there, and still his hold seems greater on the Germans, if we may judge by the test of translations and biography, than it is elsewhere on the Continent. Heine was more than touched by him, though he was far from being his duplicate, and could see the humorous side of those young Parisians—Musset the foremost—who were melancholy in the

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full glow of first manhood, and went about in despair dining sumptuously every day. One pities Musset, for Byron was, as much as another man can be, the secret of his fate. Lamartine caught only the sentimentality of Byron, but Musset assimilated his darker spirit, his recklessness, and license, and scepticism, and transmuted his very coarseness into a Parisian vulgarity. Stendhal and Sainte-Beuve paid tribute to him; and, to cut the subject short, Mazzini thanked him in the name of Italy, in Spain Espronceda drew his inspiration from him, and Castelar in the later time eulogized him for his liberating influences in the peninsula with Spanish amplitude of phrase. Karl Elze thinks that the Russian poet, Pushkin, was his child; if it were so, Byron might well be proud of what such an influence was the beginning of in Russia. This rapid survey, with its brilliant names, impresses the mind with the range and dominance of this man, of whom Landor's sneer, when he hoped that "the mercies which have begun with man's forgetfulness may be crowned with God's forgiveness," does not now seem so absurd as formerly.

To look at the matter from this point of view, however, is to confuse Byron with Byronism. There was a European mood, a temperament of the revolutionary time, that fed on Byron, but he was not its creator, and to regard him as more than a single influence of many that moulded the young men of the next generation, is to give him vastly more than his due. This is the secret of his vogue in Europe—not that he liberated their minds, but that he set the fashion for minds expanding in a new age of intellectual pride and moral irresponsibility, helped to form their attitude, and was a rallying name for the faction. He was licentious, but he was neither democratical nor atheistical; he had no body of opinions properly thought out and correlated with social facts, either in politics or religion; he had no strong convictions even; but, with prejudices of rank and reminiscences of Scottish theology from which he could not free himself, he was an impulsive and therefore uneven revolter from the old régime, and never quite at home in the new camp. He preferred, he said, to be beheaded by the King and not by the mob; and the whole aristocrat spoke in the saying. Shelley wrote of him, "The canker of aristocracy needs to be cut out," and he hits off Byron's inconsequence in religion where he speaks of him under the name of Maddalo and contrasts him with himself. Maddalo, he says, took a wicked pleasure in drawing out his taunts against religion; but, he adds, "What Maddalo thinks on these matters is not exactly known." Byron is believed to have talked with Shelley more seriously than with any other man. He did not himself know what he thought; and his state of mind was well expressed by his remark to Lady Byron, "The trouble is, I *do* believe." As Stevenson lately observed, the old Gordon blood was strong in him. In substance, therefore, unlike Shelley, who was democratical and atheistical on principle, Byron was far from being the ideal of the various "young" nationalities, France, Germany, Italy, and Spain, in the principal tenets dear to the age. It was rather his personality, and what they transformed him into by their worship, that had power over them in their search for "liberty"; and truly, though his ideas were incomplete and fragmentary, and inextricably blended, even in their formation, with his impulses and the accidents of his position as a pariah of genius, yet there was a contagion in his spirit, a dash of energy and of abandon, that told as blood tells more than thought.

One advantage, too, Byron had with foreign nations that with his own counts as a defect. He had no form, no art, no finish; and the poet who failed in these things can be read in our day only by a kind of sufferance, and with continual friction with what has come to be our mastering literary taste for perfection in the manner. It follows from this defect that he bore translation better than he otherwise would. His quality is power, not charm; the mood, and the situation, and the thought are the elements that count in his poetry, while the words are at the best eloquent or witty, but not "the living garment of light." The result was, that he could be given almost completely in a foreign language; he lost practically nothing. This consideration may go far to explain the relative estimate of him by foreign writers in comparison with other English poets; for these others who have the charm that cannot be transfused, the art that will obey no master but its own Prospero, are seen, as one may say, without their singing robes; and their poetry, made prose, loses half its excellence. This, together with the German element in one portion of his work and the strong Italian influence in a larger portion, especially in 'Don Juan,' must be taken into account in any attempt to understand why he was the best known English poet on the Continent, and perhaps, with the exception of Shakspere, still is.

In England, Byron's reputation met with rapid decline from natural causes. It is not likely that his misconduct in morals was much against him, and Beaconsfield was wholly on the wrong track when he reminded the Byron meeting that, after half a century, a man's private life scarcely enters into the estimate of his literary genius. It seems rather Byron's lack of orthodoxy that England most resented. Society put up with much libertinism in those days in high quarters; but Byron had attacked the faith, or at least elements of it which the Church shared in common with Calvinism, and this was too shocking a matter for a society which found hardly more than matter for gossip in natural sons and daughters. This was the reason which a bishop alleged in the House of Lords in answer to Brougham, in the debate on the second refusal of the Abbey. Byron had attacked Christianity, and he should not be interred "in the Temple of our God." The middle classes have always rejected Byron, in like manner, because he scoffed, though, no doubt, his life and the licentious portions of his poetry also offended them. From the first his scepticism was heavily against him, and probably it still remains the strongest objection to his works in the minds of Englishmen generally. In Landor's bitter attack (he had offended Landor by rhyming his name with *gander*) this charge is made the climax, and the passage is brief enough to quote as the best word of Byron's enemies:

> "Afterwards, whenever he wrote a bad poem, he supported his sinking fame by some signal act of profligacy: an elegy by a seduction, a heroic by an adultery, a tragedy by a divorce. On the remark of a learned man that irregularity is no indication of genius, he began to lose ground rapidly, when, on a sudden, he cried out at the Haymarket, *There is no God.* It was then surmised more generally and more gravely that there was something in him, and he stood upon his legs almost to the last. Say what you will, once whispered a friend of mine, there are things in him strong as poison and original as sin."

This, with all its excess, is no inapt character of Byron, as English prejudice drew him.

On the other hand, much that was in his favor at first was necessarily temporary. The man had a story. He was one of the picturesque characters of the age, and while he lived he was interesting to his time merely for his personal fortunes. It was to his gain, too, that he identified his own romance with that which he early invented, appealing to the adventurous in men and to the pity and admiration of women. His heroes are strong, and strength succeeds with the sex in fiction as well as in life; and they are, besides, usually faithful in love, while their crimes are taken out of the moral region of deliberate choice by a kind of emotional sophistry, and somehow are charged to their circumstances, so that the unwary and innocent reader commiserates their villanies instead of being revolted by them. These tales (and no part of his work was more popular) are trying reading to-day, but we forget too readily what raw and bloody fiction the world had in the first score years of this century; we cannot conceive how London ran after stories of blighted brigands and sentimental corsairs, in the very thunder of Waterloo. But so it was, and Byron was more interesting in that he was the unhappy and noble original from which the pirates of his imagination were drawn. If he changed the scene and wandered over Europe as Childe Harold, he gained in sentiment; if he wore the mask of Manfred, he gained in tragedy; and if he sneered in Don Juan, there was the jaded man of the world, perhaps more interesting. He was, moreover, a peer; but a dead peer certainly is no better than a dead lion, and when he died, why—the fashion in collars changed. Other living personalities occupied the stage; England grew steadily more sincere in religion, more strict in the standard of private morals, more exacting of seriousness in thought and of perfection in literary form; and all these influences were adverse to Byron, who made no offsetting gain in his own country from the revolutionary fervor that helped him on the Continent.

What is there left? Some stirring passages of adventure, some eloquent descriptions of nature, some personal lyrics of true poetic feeling, dramas which, it is to be hoped, have

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finally damned "the unities," and one great poem of the modern spirit, 'Don Juan.' And what remains of that melodramatic Byron of women's fancies? His character has come out plain, and we are really amazed at it—proud, sensual, selfish, and, it must be added, mean. Ignoble he was, in many ways, but, for all that, the energy of his passions, his vitality, his masterly egotism, and the splendid force of his genius, made him a commanding name and stamped him upon the succeeding European time. He cannot be neglected by history, but men certainly appear to pass him by. Arnold has endeavored to bring him back by a collection; but Arnold's critical views on poetry seem to be justifications in age for the tastes he had when he was young—reasons after the act. A late biographer thinks that the decadence of his fame is due to the conservatism of the last half-century, and that in the revolutionary age that ought soon to be beginning, he will retrieve himself. But can this be hoped of a "revolutionary" poet whom Swinburne has cast aside? The prediction does not convince us. Byronism has gone by, and the age of the "enlightenment" in Germany and France; such a mood is not repeated. Goethe outlived Wertherism, but had Byron such good fortune? In his own character there are such defects as forbid admiration in the light of our moral ideas; and in his poems, taken apart from their time, there are other defects, both in their substance and, unquestionably, in their form, which forbid the sort of approval that would make them in a true sense classic, as a whole, though the qualities that make 'Childe Harold' and 'Don Juan' great, and preserve here and there passages in other poems, are those that confer immortality. He was a poet; he was a force, also, that spent itself partly in creating a world-wide affectation, and partly in rousing and reinforcing the impulse of individual liberty on the Continent; but he is a poet no one can love, and he left a memory that no one can admire, and there is none of his works that receives the meed of perfect praise. And, as to the fruits of that vast influence, is it hard to say whether they were more good than evil? At all events, it is certain now that Sir Walter indulged in a tremendous hyperbole when he likened Byron's extinction to that of the sun in heaven.

THE HIGHER EDUCATION FOR WOMEN IN NEW YORK CITY.

NEW YORK, January 21, 1888.

AT the present moment there are from New York city and suburbs two women students at Cornell, four at Bryn Mawr, thirteen at Smith, seventeen at Vassar (besides fifteen in preparation for it), and thirty-one at Wellesley; making a total of fifty-seven students coming this year from New York city or some place whence they could easily attend a day college in New York. And if fifty-seven girls can leave their homes and encounter the discomforts of an independent life for the sake of pursuing a collegiate education, how many would attend college gladly, enthusiastically, were it not necessary to face the obstacle of leaving home? It is certain that where fifty New York mothers would consent to their sons leaving home to study at Harvard or Yale, only four or five of them would permit their daughters to attend Wellesley or Vassar. The principal of one of the best schools for young ladies, a school where the pupils are fitted conscientiously for a collegiate curriculum, told me the other day that, though she has only lately begun, she has sixty-five pupils (including two grades, seniors and juniors), and that, of the seniors, sixteen from this city are about to enter some college (Wellesley, Smith, or Bryn Mawr), and at least five more are wofully bemoaning their fate because their parents will not allow them to leave their homes.

For the last thirteen years there has existed a "Society to Encourage Studies at Home." It merely aims to encourage women to study by a system of correspondence between teacher and pupil. It wisely supposes that there are a great many women who have a taste for study, but cannot leave their homes to attend college. A pupil can study as much as she thinks she is able, and can become as proficient as she wishes in any branch of knowledge that is capable of being studied at home, and without a tutor upon the scene. No degrees are given, but a certificate stating exactly what has been studied, and with what success. The teachers are women of culture and refinement, and correspondence with them is a great boon. Of the women in New York who are longing for *something definite* to do in the way of study, and are prevented from attending college because there is none in the city, thirty-three pursue this course, besides thirty-six others that live in the vicinity, thus making a total of sixty-nine girls in New York and vicinity who are studying by this method for lack of better.

Sixteen hundred girls go to Normal College. Out of these 1,600, only a small number become teachers, and that is the object and worth of the college—to turn out teachers. The curriculum at Normal does not satisfy the demand in women for a complete collegiate course; seven graduates of Normal College are now studying at Columbia. It is commonly supposed that only parents who could not afford to pay tuition fees send their children to Normal College. On the contrary, a very large number of the parents could easily afford it, and would gladly send their daughters to a private college where a higher curriculum and degrees could be procured. For such as cannot afford to pay tuition, President Hunter tells me he is very anxious to secure the right of conferring degrees as the New York College for boys has the right. He would also alter and improve the present curriculum of Normal College, having an Art course for such as would care to take the degree B.A., a Normal course for such as would care to become teachers, and possibly an Industrial course for such as would wish to earn their living as artisans.

There exists also an apology for a collegiate course for women held out by Columbia College. There have been thirty-eight girls who began that course. During the four years, eight have dropped from the ranks—either from discouragement at the slender advantages offered and many difficulties to contend against, or perhaps from nervous dread of encountering the phalanx of staring youths; one girl has graduated and received her certificate, and one more has put argument into the mouths of the enemy by leaving the course to enter upon married life. Thus, with wonderful perseverance, twenty-eight girls have continued to take the course. These twenty-eight girls have worked nobly, actuated by the sentiment that a principle was at stake. They felt that they were there on trial, on probation; several of them, though deriving but little benefit from their labors, still kept on, hoping that their perseverance would finally induce the trustees to open to the women students the full privileges of the college.

By a resolution of the trustees of Columbia College adopted June 8, 1883, it was ordered that "a course of collegiate study equivalent to the course given to young men in the college, should be offered to such women as may desire to avail themselves of it, to be pursued under the general direction of the Faculty of the College, in accordance with the following principles, and regulations," etc. This read excellently—it seemed as if the long-talked-of loaf was at last to be thrown to the women; but, alas! it soon turned out to be a stone, and of a particularly indigestible quality. These "principles and regulations" simply were to the effect that the women could pursue their studies wheresoever and howsoever they pleased, except under the sacred roof of Columbia. Their unhallowed presence was not for an instant to be sanctioned in the laboratory or lecture-room. All that concerned Columbia was that the women were to be present at its examinations twice a year, and to be able to answer certain questions, which questions satisfactorily answered, they were at liberty to return home again and prepare for the next set of questions.

It is no easy task for a girl to study alone, unaided by tutor or professor, and prepare for examination papers more difficult than had the boys, inasmuch as the examinations for women were prepared from the entire range of the books, and the examinations for men prepared only from lectures, the particular bent of which had become familiar. Yet twenty-eight New York girls are now doing it.

A couple of years later the trustees passed a resolution allowing the college to confer degrees on women if they had in all respects followed the full equivalent to the boys' course—in all respects except the important ones of attending lectures and working in the laboratories. Is it to be wondered at that only two or three have essayed to gain a degree of B.A. or B.L. under such conditions?

The women have been admitted, during the past couple of winters, to lectures given at Columbia on Saturday mornings. Prof. Boyesen, Prof. Charles Sprague Smith, Dr. Butler, Dr. Titus M. Coan, and others have been heard with great enthusiasm each week by some 200 ladies, and many applicants for tickets were obliged to be refused. Some years ago several professors were in the habit of inviting a few ladies to attend their lectures. The ladies enthusiastically availed themselves of the invitations, and were among the most ardent listeners. Among the ladies invited were some members of the President's family and a daughter of one of the trustees. All was going smoothly when, unfortunately, the trustee in question in an evil moment was seized with the desire to read the Constitution and By-laws of the College. To his horror he found that, in allowing his daughter to attend the lectures at Columbia, he was violating the laws of the college! He at once withdrew his daughter; the President could scarcely permit his relatives to remain, so he was obliged to follow the example of the trustee, and soon there was not a woman left.

The President called a meeting of the trustees and read them the resolution passed some years ago by them, and essayed to prove that the admittance of women to the lectures was not against its spirit, but only the letter of it. The resolution was to the effect that no person should be allowed to attend the lectures of the

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college professors, without having duly matriculated as a student of the college. The President clearly explained that at the time the resolution was passed there was no thought of women entering the college or asking for admission to the lectures. The resolution was passed merely to prevent the possibility of the professors permitting men to attend their lectures, pocketing the receipts obtained, and thus depriving the college of its tuition fees. As the admission of women to the lectures was a matter of courtesy, and known to the college, there could be no such objection. Notwithstanding this very plausible reading of the resolution by the President, the trustees agreed that women must no longer be allowed to attend any of the lectures.

Failing in his object, the President then called another meeting and asked the trustees to legalize the admission of women to the lectures by another resolution worded carefully, so as to preserve the spirit of the original resolution. This they refused to do, and even those who had hitherto shut their eyes to the prevailing habit now vehemently opposed the resolution permitting it. When asked by the President for an explanation, they could only answer that they wished the question had never arisen before the Board, for, though in the irregular operation of the illegal habit they had seen no real objection, still they were loath, officially, to advocate such an advanced and liberal (and possibly demoralizing) condition of things. So, since that day, no women have been permitted to attend the regular lectures. Even if women could legally be admitted to the lecture-room, there would still exist a reason why coeducation could not take place at Columbia College proper. Columbia, like Harvard, needs all her income for the institution as it now exists, and does not care to assume new responsibilities.

President Barnard has told me that he has every reason to believe that if only the funds for a separate college could be raised, and a building not far from Columbia be built or hired, there could be soon put in working order a successful college with its instruction furnished by the professors and other instructors of Columbia College. I have not met with any professor that would not be heartily in favor of such a plan. They all agree in thinking that the present course at Columbia for women is little more than a farce, and yet the women students continue to increase in number, so eager are they to pick up the stray crumbs of knowledge that are offered them. Even now, though there is not yet a regular college where women can be instructed by the professors of Columbia College, there are a great number of principals of private schools for young ladies who, shrewdly seeing how anxious their pupils are for something, anything, really collegiate, have engaged one or more Columbia professors or tutors to lecture to the girls during the winter, and the different instructors may be seen scattered about the city as trump cards in the hands of clever schoolmistresses.

An annex to Columbia would, of course, be compared with the Harvard Annex. It could well bear comparison. The Harvard Annex has been established for about eight years; it began with twenty-seven students and to-day has 100 students. It now occupies modest but comfortable quarters in Cambridge, and only requires to be recognized as permanently connected with Harvard University to become a perfect success. The founders of the Harvard Annex had to cope with serious difficulties that are entirely removed from the founding of an Annex to Columbia. The students of the Harvard Annex are not permitted to gain a degree, but are obliged to content themselves with certificates. On the contrary, a graduate of the Columbia Annex would readily receive the degree of B.A., as the "Circular of Information for the Collegiate Course for Women at Columbia College, 1887-88," reads: "The degree of bachelor of arts will be conferred on such students as shall have pursued, during four years, a course of study fully equivalent to that for which the same degree is conferred in the School of Arts, and shall have passed all the examinations required." And, further, "any woman who shall have taken the degree of bachelor of arts in the collegiate course for women may study for *higher degrees* under the direction of the Faculty of the college." And for those who wish only to pursue some special studies: "To students not pursuing the full course required for the degree of bachelor of arts, but limiting themselves to one or more courses of inferior range, a certificate of proficiency in the subjects pursued will be given on the satisfactory completion of such course or courses of study, to be signed by the President of the college and the examining professor or professors."

In Cambridge they have an Annex and are praying for certain conditions that will insure its permanent existence and success. In New York we have the conditions that would bring permanent existence and success, *but we have no Annex.* "Where shall the scholar live?" says Longfellow. "In solitude or in society? In the green stillness of the country, where he can hear the heart of nature beat, or in the dark, gray city, where he can hear and feel the throbbing heart of man? I will make answer for him, and say, in the dark, gray city." In this "dark, gray city," this huge, growing, striding, ambitious city, with its many means of satisfying life's demands, there is one lack—the lack of a college where women may attain a complete education without leaving their homes and families. Ought we not, therefore, to begin at once to organize an association for the collegiate instruction of women by the professors and other instructors of Columbia College?

ANNIE NATHAN MEYER.

DAUDET'S 'THIRTY YEARS IN PARIS.'

PARIS, January 13, 1888.

I TRIED not long ago to give an analysis of the 'Journal des Goncourt,' and I insisted upon the difference between the social habits of the writers of the eighteenth century and of those of our own time. I showed how the Goncourts, though they belonged by birth to what is called society, always remained voluntarily out of society; how they shut themselves up, led solitary and contemplative lives; how, when they mixed with other men, they only cared to see writers, artists, devotees of the ideal. This spirit of seclusion, this divorce from the concrete realities of life, is exemplified again in a volume of memories, of biographical notes, just issued by Alphonse Daudet under the title of 'Trente ans de Paris.' This little volume is not a real biography—we have in it only glimpses of the past life of Daudet; but *ab uno disce omnes*, and the pictures which he gives us are so vivid, are so full of light and life, that it is impossible to form an incorrect opinion of the aim and character of the whole existence of the writer.

If, among our popular novelists of the present day, there is one who can be, in some senses, compared to Dickens, it is Alphonse Daudet. He has the same innate sympathy for all sufferers, for the weak, the humble, the victims of life; the same sense also of humor, though his irony deals with an entirely different class of people. For a Frenchman, he is almost a problem, for he combines in himself a strange northern sentimentalism with the most extraordinary comprehension of the "sunny South," of its candid vanity, of its childish gayety, of its impulsiveness, of its levity. Daudet is, at the same time, superficial and deep: he can suffer and he can laugh. The mystery of this double nature is probably to be found in his ancestors; but he tells us nothing about them, he only narrates in his first chapter his "arrival in Paris," the difficulties of his youth.

As soon as he left school, Daudet became what we call a *pion* in the little *collège* of Alais, in the Cévennes. The *pion* is not a teacher, he is the man who remains with the boys between the teachers' lessons and during the recesses; who eats with them and sleeps in the same dormitory. He is generally a very poor young man, who, for a miserable salary, finds in a *collège* the means of preparing himself for the examinations of the University. In the half-military, half-conventual character which the French Revolution and Napoleon gave to the French *collèges*, the poor, despised, unhappy, discontented *pion* took the place of the priest. The organization of the lyceums was an exact copy of the organization of the Jesuits' school; only they are lay schools, and the element of devotion to the child, of religious propagandism, has been suppressed. The child and the *pion* have become enemies, instead of being friends. You may perhaps have read Daudet's 'Le Petit Chose.' It is an exquisitely painful story, as it relates very exactly the sufferings of a *pion*. Daudet tells us, in his 'Trente ans de Paris':

"Yes, it was myself, this *Petit Chose*, obliged to gain a living at the age of sixteen, in this humble profession of a *pion*, and doing it in a distant province, in a country full of iron furnaces, which sent us rough little boys of the mountains, who insulted me in their brutal and hard mountain idiom. Delivered up to all the persecutions of these monsters, surrounded by hypocrites and brutes who despised me, I bore all the vulgar humiliations of the poor. No other sympathy, in this prison of sorrow, than the sympathy of the priest whom I have called the Abbé Germane, and the horrid 'Bamban,' whose queer little face, always dirty with ink or with mud, rises sadly before me while I write this."

Long after his stay at Alais, Daudet often woke up at night with his eyes full of tears, thinking that he was still a martyr. No wonder if he was anxious to leave Alais; but where could he go? To Paris? What would he do there? Paris is the great centre, the great luminary, which attracts all the butterflies of the country. Its very name is a promise; few young men have not felt like the young hero of Balzac who looks down on Paris from the height of Montmartre, and says: "À nous deux, maintenant." Alphonse Daudet had, fortunately for him, a brother who was already in Paris, living on a small salary. This brother sent for him, and offered him his hospitality.

The boy (for he was not yet a man, being only sixteen years old) travelled for two days in a third-class carriage, in winter, with light summer clothes. After he had paid for his ticket, he had only two francs in his pocket; he bought nothing on the way, and, towards the end of the journey, when the train was crossing the dull plains of Champagne, he nearly fainted. There were some gay sailors in his car who gave him some drink. He fell asleep, and only woke up in Paris. His brother was waiting for him, with a hand-cart and a commissionaire. "Where is your baggage?" Fine baggage indeed—a poor little old trunk, full of nails and mended in every corner. They started on foot, at the dawn of day, towards the Quartier Latin, walking behind the commis-

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sionaire. Paris appeared to the poor and tired boy in its mysterious and almost awful matinal silence. "The gaslights were being extinguished; the streets, the Seine, its bridges, all seemed dark through the fog. . . . I kept near my brother; my heart was heavy within me, and I felt an involuntary terror." Then comes the description of the *crèmeries*, of the Rue Corneille, of the frugal breakfasts—"three sous' worth of coffee"; the first impressions produced by the Odéon, by the white marble statues of the Luxembourg Garden. "My brother was rich. He held the office of secretary to an old gentleman who dictated to him his memoirs at the price of 75 francs a month. We had to live on these 75 francs till we received the visit of Glory. We were together in the fifth story, in the Rue de Tournon, hôtel du Sénat."

How amusing is the description of the colonies of students, especially the students from Gascony, from the "sunny South"—noisy, turbulent, incessant singers and talkers. We meet among them Gambetta. "He was already the man whom we have known and admired. Happy to live, happy to talk, a loquacious Roman on a Gaulish stalk, he made himself drunk with his own speeches, shook the windows with his thundering eloquence, and ended generally in great fits of laughter. He was already a king among his comrades, especially as he received from Cahors 300 francs a month—an enormous sum for a student of those times."

Daudet had no turn for politics, as many of his friends had; he was completely absorbed in literature. He tells amusingly the history of his first trials. The office of a publisher was the Mecca of his aspirations. I wonder, even now, how he ever found one, with his poetical look of an Italian *pifferaro*. Even now he wears his long and curly hair parted in the middle, and looks thoroughly Italian, like the men of the Roman Campagna whom you meet on the steps of the Trinità del Monte. At the age of twenty he must have looked exactly like the models who are found in all the studios. His brother was his Providence, and helped him to make his way. He found a publisher in the Quartier Latin, named Tardieu, who published his first book of poems, 'Les Amoureuses.' He was a man of letters.

We could wish Daudet had given us the history of his relations with his publishers, but he jumps from Tardieu to Villemessant, editor of the famous *Figaro*, and gives a description of him. He tells us also the story of his first dress-coat, and of the visit he made in it to Augustine Brohan, one of the best actresses of the time at the Théâtre-Français. This visit was his début in the world. His acquaintance with the world was continued in a few literary salons. First, we have a charming picture of old Mme. Ancelot, now forgotten, but once the queen of a salon. "Nothing admonishes her. Everything gets old and faded round her—the roses of the carpet, the silk of the hangings, the memories, and the people; and while the century goes on, this life which is stopped, this home of another age fixed like a boat at anchor, sink silently into the past." Sometimes Mme. Ancelot asked Daudet to recite some verses. "Louder, louder," said she, "M. de la Rochejaquelein does not hear." She did not hear herself.

Daudet's readers will be interested in his "History of my Books." He makes us acquainted with the man who became the type of his 'Tambourinaire,' with the real Tartarin de Tarascon, and with the history of its publication. We learn what I may call the genesis of the charming volume 'Lettres de mon moulin,' written in the little domain of Montauban, on the road to Arles, where Daudet stayed at various times in order to cure himself, as he says, of Paris and to breathe the perfumed air of his dear Provence. We have also the genesis of 'Jack,' one of his best stories. We see the real Jack, such as he knew him, and learn his real adventures. We follow him from his infancy to the Hospital of Algiers, where he died; for Daudet never creates any types without having a model—his imagination is always helped by his memory. All Paris knows who were the principal characters in 'Le Nabab,' in the 'Rois en exil.' We have all recognized under their new names the men and women who have *sat* for him; and sometimes we have thought, also, that he has been too unmerciful, too ungenerous, that he has made too much use of persons who had been his friends or the protectors of his youth, that he has taken too many liberties with persons whom he had better have left in their solitude. In his 'Évangéliste,' for instance, he has, without sufficient evidence, tried to throw odium on certain religious persons; in the 'Rois en exil' he has mixed his palette in such a way that some irreproachable characters have come out in his work in false and odious colors. This excessive liberty, which borders sometimes almost on cruelty, is a consequence of the unsocial life of our modern writers of the Daudet type. Had he mingled more with the world and felt its useful pressure, he would have deprived himself perhaps of certain loud effects, but his work would have gained on the whole—he would have been nearer the truth.

AN EXEMPLARY ART CATALOGUE.

University College,
Liverpool, January, 1888.

Lovers of art in the present day enjoy facilities for study possessed by no previous generation. Not only are museums on every hand and of every kind increasing both in number and in accumulated wealth, but loan collections are continually being organized in all manner of places. The student who would take advantage of all the opportunities now offered him in different cities and countries, would have to travel with much persistence from place to place, and need not rest either summer or winter. This is perhaps possible to no single amateur. There must be many, not in America only, who were unable to see, for instance, the wonderful collections of the works of Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Van Dyck brought together in successive years at the Grosvenor Gallery, or the surprising collection of works of the English school during the last fifty years by which Manchester has recently gained so much prestige, not to mention a solid accumulation of pounds sterling. Unfortunately, these collections have to be dispersed almost as soon as they are brought together, and nothing remains but a bare list of names by which to measure the value of what one may not have seen. An illustrated catalogue was indeed published of the Reynolds collection, but the work was poorly done and failed of its purpose. With the means of illustration now at the disposal of publishers, it ought to be possible to publish (and sell) a really satisfactory memorial illustrated catalogue of every such collection, and these catalogues would in course of time assume a value and importance which it is difficult to overrate.

In 1886 there was an international exhibition at Edinburgh, noticeable among other things for being one of the few exhibitions productive of a compact profit. Needless to say, an art collection formed one of its most attractive features. This collection consisted entirely of French and Dutch pictures, one and all the outcome of the Romantic revival in France. It was formed chiefly if not entirely by the energy of one gentleman, himself the owner of many of the best examples shown, who had the discretion to prefer success in his undertaking to fame for himself, and whose name never appeared before the public at all. This collection attracted an unwonted amount of attention. It has now been made the subject of a memorial catalogue in every way worthy of its merits.

The volume,* besides possessing beauty and interest, is noticeable as a specimen of artistic production. It has been printed at the Edinburgh University Press, and is understood to be the first (or almost the first) of a series of artistic publications which may be looked for from the same quarter. Lovers of finely printed and illustrated books may be glad to have their attention called to this. The paper and printing of the catalogue are good. The title-page and initial letters are, to my thinking, a little out of harmony with the style of the rest. They resemble seventeenth-century work, while the type and proportion of letter-press and margin are visibly modern. The illustrations are excellent. They represent sixty-nine out of the one hundred and ninety-two numbers included in the catalogue. They consist of fifty-four outline sketches incorporated in the pages, and of fifteen etchings, of which one is by Mr. B. F. Blommers (after his own picture), the others by Hole or Zilken. The average of all the etchings is good; one or two are more than good. I may mention especially the charming interpretation of Corot's "Evening in Normandy."

The letter-press has been supplied by Mr. W. E. Henley, a writer widely known to specialists in this part of the world, but to the public chiefly as quondam editor of the *Magazine of Art*. No one, perhaps, would have been found possessed of a wider knowledge of the productions of the Romantic school, not in painting only, but in literature, drama, and all other branches. His introductory "Note on Romanticism" may be recommended to all who are interested in the Renascence of the nineteenth century; not that it actually formulates much direct information or criticism, but that, by implication and reference, it leaves upon the reader's mind a feeling of the mass and energy of the productivity of a great epoch. It is pregnant and suggestive—a brief dissertation which, read at the right time by the right man, might well decide the direction of a life's study.

More than this it is needless here to say. Some criticisms I would willingly add, but they would deal with matters of secondary importance, and could only be made interesting to the reader if prefaced, like the catalogue, with a dissertation upon Romanticism, written from another point of view. W. M. Conway.

* *Memorial Catalogue of the French and Dutch Loan Collection*, Edinburgh International Exhibition, 1886. Edinburgh: Printed at the University Press and published by David Douglas. 1888.

Correspondence.

PROHIBITION AND HIGH LICENSE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: You have frequently advocated high license as a better practical means than prohibition for the suppression of intemperance. In the message of the Governor of Iowa, recently published, he says, "During the last year, and particularly during its latter half, there has been a decided falling off in penitentiary con-

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victs, and a very large number of county jails have been empty, some of them for the first time in years. There has been a marked improvement in the condition of our poorer people, especially in the families of laboring men addicted to strong drink."

Can a result like this be shown in the States which have adopted a system of high license?

W. A. N.

TERRE HAUTE, IND., January 17, 1888.

[We have lately quoted Bishop Ireland's statements about the effect of the new High-License Law in Minnesota. He says it has greatly reduced drunkenness and disorder, increased the bank deposits of the Polish and other of the poorer classes of people, and that in "many of the smaller places drunkenness has disappeared altogether."

In Illinois, high license has reduced the number of saloons from 13,000 to 9,000, and under the provision of the law which permits any municipality to increase the tax to any limit it pleases, or to refuse all licenses whatever, by a majority vote of its citizens, prohibition has not only been decreed, but is enforced over two-thirds of the soil of the State. In the cities it has greatly restricted the number of saloons, and has perceptibly decreased drunkenness and crime.

In Ohio, where a tax law prevails, levying only $200 on each saloon, 2,088 saloons have been closed because of the tax, 517 more have been closed by votes of town councils, and in 200 towns prohibition is enforced under a local-option clause.

Similar results have been obtained by high-license laws in Michigan, Missouri, and Nebraska, as we have repeatedly pointed out. In Missouri and Michigan, separate local-option laws have been adopted, which have given a larger portion of the rural sections of the State absolute prohibition. In fact, it is the almost invariable practice in States adopting high-license or tax laws to proceed naturally to supplementary local-option laws. The two working together accomplish the most satisfactory results. High license restricts and regulates the liquor traffic in the cities, and local option secures prohibition in the smaller towns and villages. In each case the remedy adopted is supported by the public sentiment of the community, and the consequence is that the law is enforced. A vital point, which prohibition advocates too often overlook, is that the principal struggle with the liquor evil is in the cities, not in the country districts. We do not know of a single instance in which high license has failed to restrict the traffic in cities, nor do we know of a single instance in which prohibition has succeeded in abolishing it there, or in doing more than to drive it into secret places, where its harm has been increased rather than diminished.—ED. NATION.]

HOW TO PROCURE GOVERNMENT PUBLICATIONS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Will you inform me, and I imagine many others of your readers, how Government publications may be obtained without relying on the uncertain favor of one's Representative or Senator? Some time ago I wrote to the Government Printing Office for a pamphlet on State boundaries, published by the Geological Survey, remitting at the same time the advertised price, 10 cents. I never received the pamphlet.—Yours respectfully,

E. BRUNCKEN.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

[A failure of the mail either way would account for our correspondent's disappointment. But a safe resort would be to Mr. J. H. Hickcox, 906 M. St., W., Washington, whose monthly priced 'Catalogue of U. S. Government Publications' ought to be accessible in every public library in the country. —ED. NATION.]

"THE CHEAP LIBRARIES AND ROYALTY COPYRIGHT."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Charles E. Taylor, in your issue of to-day, says that "one, and not the least, object of the 'League' is to put a stop to these unreasonably cheap editions of foreign authors," "the radical evil which it is the aim of true international copyright to uproot."

I should rather state the continuance of low-priced editions of reprints under the royalty system as a special advantage—

(1.) To authors. By the explicit and repeated statements of the most experienced publishers, they can sell *fifteen copies of a popular book at ten cents for one at a dollar.* This gives an author precisely *one-half more* copy-money on a low-priced than on a high-priced edition. Yet further, an American author whose sales have been exceeded by few, found that when the sales of certain full-priced books began to decline, the issue of cheap editions not only gave him copy-money on these cheap large issues, but also actually increased the sale of the library edition. Mr. Justin McCarthy was informed in Philadelphia by a most successful author in American history that, after buying two copies of Mr. McCarthy's 'History of Our Own Times' in cheap form, he had placed the bound library edition on his bookshelves, and that all the members of his college classes had purchased the low-priced issue. One of the dozen publishers of Mr. Haggard's 'She' sold 130,000 copies in cheap form, which at 10 per cent. royalty would have given the author nearly $3,000, while probably more of the library edition were bought than if the issue had been confined to the higher-priced style. No answer seems ever to have been made as to this statement of facts respecting the profit to authors of the sale of popular books at low prices. The author of 'Called Back' found a sale of 300,000 of his book before his death, because it was issued at a shilling.

There are classes of books, not popular with the masses, which, under royalty, as now, can only be issued in high-priced editions; and the authors, instead of a trifling honorarium, given as a favor involving personal obligations, would then receive their established tithes.

(2.) As to the public: The largest effort of the imagination can but faintly conceive the advantage, as well as delight, to scores of millions of students and toilers of small means of possessing books, "*their very own.*" Ten books at twelve or twenty-four cents (copy-money added) of the Franklin Square Library are worth to them nearly ten times as much as one book at a ten-fold price, just as ten pieces of plain bread are worth more than one piece of cake to men who cannot buy all the cake they want. The better paper and binding are unimportant to them, as compared with the very soul of the authors conveyed to them in their writings. Those who have passed much of their time in caring for the young can alone know their exquisite delight in the ownership of favorite books, and that a little library becomes a salvation to them from the allurements of gross temptations.

It must never be forgotten that in the advance of the cost of books by ten times, under a copyright of exclusive sale, seven-eighths of the net advance goes to the venders and one-eighth only to the authors. I cannot see any reason to believe that English publishers, who largely become owners of copyright books, would not place their reprints at the highest practicable prices in America.

Wrongly or rightly, our tariff takes a toll of 25 per cent. on the works of British authors brought here. The royalty system would not take one-fourth of their property away, but would probably double its present value. This is common sense and justice both for authors and readers.

If American authors have a lively competition, the secured British tithes should compensate them for this. Legislation should care for authors and readers, leaving publishers to adjust their system to the needs of their principals.—Respectfully, R. PEARSALL SMITH.

JANUARY 12, 1888.

[The desirability and advantage of cheap books, the proper division of the profits made upon the sale of a book between its author and its publisher, and the righteousness of the royalty-copyright scheme which Mr. Smith advocates, are entirely distinct questions. And it does not follow because the enactment of his pet plan would, as he claims, insure cheap books, that the royalty-copyright legislation proposed is either right or expedient. The United States has witnessed the questionable extension of legislation in many directions, but we have as yet no example of an act establishing, for the moral right inherent in one person, a different kind of legal protection from that granted to secure the exercise of the very same right by another person in the same community. Nor has the exceptional legislation interfering with the natural laws of trade, so as to influence the amount of profit which might accrue to the producer of any special article, ever received the sanction of thoughtful people.

As regards cheap books, they, as well as everything else which goes to add to the pleasure and dignity of human life, may be sold *too cheap.* Whenever a book is sold at a price which does not allow to every person who is a factor in its production an equitable payment for his share of the mental or physical labor involved—that book is too cheap. Books may be too cheap from another point of view. Mr. Smith would put the price of a good book down to the cost of a cigar. But we conceive that if a book is to make a lasting impression upon the mind of its reader, there must go more self-denial into the act of making it his "very own" than is called for by the sacrifice of a single cigar. Mr. Smith admits that not all books are popular, and that only those of established popularity would come within the operation of his plan. He names two very good examples of the kind of books (and they are the only kind) which would be widely sold under a system of enforced cheap reprints. But the distribution

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to "scores of millions of students and toilers of small means" of ten-cent editions of books like Mr. Haggard's 'She' and Mr. Conway's 'Called Back,' in order to save them from the "allurements of gross temptations," seems much on a par with a mother's endeavor to keep her darlings out of mischief by an unlimited supply of sweetmeats. The following words from one of the great writers of English literature may be recommended to Mr. Smith's thoughtful perusal: "Life being very short, and the quiet hours of it few, we ought to waste none of them in reading valueless books; and valuable books should, in a civilized country, be within the reach of every one, printed in excellent form, for a *just price;* but not in any vile, vulgar, or, by reason of smallness of type, physically injurious form, at a *vile price.* For we none of us need many books."—Ed. Nation.]

THE RATE OF WAGES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your comments on the letter of "H. D. C." in the *Nation* of January 12 seem to leave untouched, except by implication, the vital fallacy in people's minds regarding the relation of the rate of wages to the question of reduction of the tariff.

Like "H. D. C.," many people, believing on *à priori* grounds in the advantages of a reduced tariff, fear that such a reduction can only be accomplished by a corresponding reduction in the rate of wages. The fallacy seems to be that they assume as true that the higher the rate of wages the greater is the cost of product. You pointed out that foreign competition does not bring English wages down to the level of German, French, and Belgian wages, which are as much lower than English as ours are higher; but you gave no explanation of how that is possible. The truth seems to be that the cost of the product depends just as little on the rate of wages, *leaving out of account the amount of the product of those wages*, as the speed of a horse depends on the time he is running, without regard to the distance he covers. If the cost of the product depended on the rate of wages only, the farmer would get the paupers and the imbeciles to work for him, and yet every one knows that the farmer who pays enough to secure competent and intelligent labor need have no fear from the competition of his neighbor who employs incompetent laborers at a less rate.

On turning to vol. xx. of the U. S. Census of 1880, we find it full of illustrations of the correct principle. In certain glass works in the United States the average price of labor was in 1860 $1.22 per day, and in 1880 $1.63¼, and, therefore, under the popular fallacy, the manufacturer of 1880 could not possibly compete with the one of 1860; and yet we see the cost of the same grade of tumblers, which in 1840 was $1.50 to $1.25 a dozen, only 25 cents to 35 cents per dozen in 1880. That is, with increased rates of wages we may still have a cheaper product. Again, in 1860, the average wages in a certain well-established axe factory were $1.75 a day and in 1880 $2.25, and yet the axes cost $11 a dozen in 1860, and only $8.50 in 1880.

In other words, with higher rates of wages, we may, with improved processes, better and cheaper raw material, and more skilful labor, have a cheaper and yet better product. For example, what with better sand, the natural gas, and the better class of mechanics in Pittsburgh, Pa., as compared with Belgium, we might see (had we the soda ash free of duty) American glass, made by better-paid laborers, exported to Belgium at a profit. Nor is this so very improbable. Mr. Edward Atkinson, who has made a special study of the subject lately, tells us that the wheat-farm laborers in Rhenish Prussia, a most prosperous part of Germany, are paid from $4 to $6 a month and their board, and poor enough board at that, while in Dakota we pay the regular laborers $25 a month, and temporary laborers $2 a day and their board; and yet the cost of producing the wheat in Rhenish Prussia, not including interest on the land, is 80 cents per bushel and only 40 cents in Dakota. It is nearly the same thing with pork, and we actually find both France and Germany, with their cheap labor, putting a high duty on American wheat and pork to protect themselves from the product of our labor that is more highly paid.

The question then comes to this, Is the product of American labor relatively enough greater than that of European to enable us to compete and yet to pay the higher wages? Statistics necessary to prove the exact ratios probably cannot ever be got with sufficient accuracy, considering all the difficulties in the way, to prove this beyond a doubt; but it is to be remarked that in looking over the exports of the United States we find that though we cannot compete, with our present tariff, in the raw materials, which require but little labor, yet, as we put more and more labor into these materials, and make agricultural tools, pianos, carriages, chemicals, and medicines, machinery, firearms, locks, refined sugar, and the like, we are able to export them with profit, and in direct competition with the cheaper labor of the Old World. Another indication of our power to maintain higher wages than the other countries is, that if the total yearly product of the United States is divided among our laborers, it gives to each laborer more than the total product of England or the Continental countries, divided up, gives to each of their laborers. If, then, the American laborer produces more per head, why may it not be possible that we can afford to pay him a higher rate of wages in open competition?

R. H. Dana.

Boston, January 17, 1888.

DR. ELY AND THE LABOR QUESTION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Believing with you that the lasting solution of the labor question is to be got by each man doing justice to his work, by putting his heart into it, and by trying more to give value received than by worrying about all due, I am moved to send you the following item:

At the Illinois State Teachers' meeting, held in Springfield December 28-30, Dr. R. T. Ely of Johns Hopkins read a lecture on "The Teacher and the Labor Question." Anything more profitless could scarcely be devised. The good he said has been published over and again in a score of school journals for months past; as for the rest, it was pure twaddle. The lecture was far inferior to much that has been published on the subject, and contained absolutely no new light. Now, if he did not know that his talk was stale, his ignorance should detract somewhat from the value of his writings; if he did, then by what right does he denounce workmen who want long-time pay for short-hour work? For he received $150 for his effort. It looks very much as if the Doctor had symptoms of the striker's complaint—something for nothing.

Yours, Frank M. Drew.

Genoa, Ill., January 14, 1888.

MORE OF BLAINE'S "SURPLUSAGE."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: As an interesting illustration, though on a comparatively small scale, of Mr. Blaine's ideas as to the disposal of the surplus, the scheme to obtain from Congress an indefinitely large appropriation to make a good harbor for vessels and larger yachts at Bar Harbor, Me., deserves a prominent publicity.

The plan, which originated with Mr. Blaine, and which, I understand, is now being urged at Washington by his lieutenant, Mr. Hale, is to connect with the shore an island which is nearly a mile distant from it at the nearest point, the depth of water between being at high tide not less than seventy feet for the greater part of the way, and at the shallowest, save when one small reef comes to the surface, twenty-five or thirty feet. The bottom, moreover, shelves seaward, and the exposure is to the full force of every storm. When this herculean labor has got well under way, Mr. Blaine has announced his intention of getting a further appropriation made for the removal of the bar which gives its name to the town, a bar hundreds of feet wide and thousands of feet long.

The alleged reason for the enormous outlay these schemes would necessitate is to make a naval station for training ships and ships of war, but for this Bar Harbor is ill-fitted both by the severity of its winters and by the gayety of its summers, while good harbors of Nature's making, with quieter seas and quieter seasons, abound upon the whole New England coast.

That local trade would be benefited by the creation of a first-class harbor is doubtless sure, and the measure would certainly find favor in Mr. Hale's neighboring home of Ellsworth; but why the country at large should be taxed for such a purpose it would be difficult even for Mr. Blaine to satisfactorily explain. That some explanation or justification of the scheme should be given, however, is made doubly desirable for the friends of these two statesmen, who have been made the subject of occasional unkindly criticisms, by the fact that they both are landowners at Bar Harbor, and might therefore be suspected by the uncharitable of being influenced by personal considerations.

One must allow, however, in common justice to Mr. Blaine, that his brain is certainly a very fertile one, and that if he had but the management of affairs, there would never be danger to the community from an accumulation of the surplus.—I remain, yours very truly, B.

Boston, January 16, 1888.

DARWIN ON CLASSICAL STUDIES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The letter of your correspondent "H. T. P." in the *Nation* of January 12 must have occasioned a good deal of surprise. Mr. Darwin is quoted as entirely opposed to classical studies, and his opinion of the classics as a means of education is brought forward as "particularly interesting and valuable just now, on account of the rabid criticism directed against the liberal and progressive policy of Harvard University."

All this is very surprising, for reasons disclosed in your correspondent's own representation of the facts. Mr. Darwin is quoted as recording the fact that "nothing could have been worse for the development of *my* mind than Dr. Butler's school, *as it was strictly classical.*" "*No mathematics* or *modern languages*" is noted as the *chief omissions* (the italics are mine). Now, I submit that the foregoing makes a very poor case against the classics. No classicist of sense or culture has proposed throughout the discus-

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sions of the past twenty years to offer a course of study that shall be "strictly classical"; nor should the friends of classical study be held responsible for the unwisdom of the old English cathedral schools, with their heavy mediævalism. In an ordinary school course nowadays, of the range and scope of the old Shrewsbury school, about seventy hours a week are devoted to recitations, and, of these seventy hours, only some thirty hours are devoted to the classics. So far, therefore, as the allotment of hours is concerned, your correspondent has upset only his own straw man.

But this is a minor point as compared with the following: Your correspondent's only witness is Mr. Charles Darwin—a man destined by Providence (I suppose) for a thousand years as the world's foremost scientist. Rightly, then, does Mr. Darwin say, "Nothing could have been worse for *my mind* than Dr. Butler's school." But minds like Mr. Darwin's are manifestly not the sort of minds educators are trying to treat and train. How absurd it would have seemed to your zealous correspondent had some classicist summoned as his only witness Dr. Arnold, Prof. Curtius, or Prof. Hadley. How much value would attach to the testimony of any one of these witnesses had he stated that he had attended ——— school, whose course of study was "strictly" scientific, and that nothing could have been worse for the development of his mind than Dr. ———'s School! In the interest of truth and sobriety in a serious educational question, I submit that your correspondent is guilty of a glaring *non-sequitur*. The whole question, Mr. Editor, of the rightful place and use of the languages and literatures of Greece and Rome calls for a finer spirit and a truer deliberation than are revealed by such deliverances as this I have been examining.

The "modernists," having fought a righteous fight and won a pronounced victory in favor of more science and more modern languages in our schemes of education, should now have a care lest, from being the persecuted, they should now emerge as the persecutors. It is indeed much to be feared that their own epithets "rabid" and "bigoted" may soon be applied to themselves with manifest pertinency. X.

TRAINING FOR THE REASONING FACULTIES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: If you ask me what early training will most strengthen and develop the observing and reasoning faculties, I answer, "A close and rigid classical education, extending through both school and college."

If you ask me how I prove this, I answer, "By the early education and subsequent scientific life of Charles Darwin."

If you ask me where this proof can be conveniently found, I answer, "In the letter of your correspondent 'H. T. P.,' *Nation*, January 12, 1888, p. 29."—Respectfully, etc.,

C. C. N.

Washington, D. C., January, 1888.

STATE NOMENCLATURE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: When considering the possibility of the passage by Congress of an act enabling the Territory of Washington to form a State government, the desirability of the change of name from Washington to some name of local or other appropriate significance should be recognized. Aside from the confusion of the possible State with the national capital, the present confusion of Washington and Wyoming Territories, arising from the precise similarity of the abbreviations used for each, W. T., is not inconsiderable. Letters for one Territory not uncommonly go astray to the other, and news from places in Washington Territory is very often printed in Eastern papers as from places in Wyoming Ty. which do not exist. The arrival of a certain ship at Port Townsend, Wyoming Ty., was once announced in an Eastern paper. Whether the dropping of the designation Territory from Washington would entirely overcome this confusion is a question.

H.

Cambridge, Mass., January 20, 1888.

Notes.

The new American Folk-Lore Society met at Harvard College on January 4, and took organic shape. Its object was defined to be the study of folk-lore in general; and in particular, North American collection and publication. Its membership is open to those who pay $3 in advance on January 1 of each year. It will hold an annual meeting by appointment of the Council. Its organ will be a scientific journal, sent free to every member, and whose first number will, it is hoped, be published in April, by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., with a quarterly appearance thereafter. Prof. F. J. Child of Harvard was chosen President. The Acting Secretary is Mr. W. W. Newell of Cambridge, Mass., to whom intending members should address themselves. The list already printed in the circular before us is a remarkable collection of names eminent in American literature and scholarship, and any one might well wish to find himself in such good company.

The fifth and sixth annual reports of the Managing Committee of the American School of Classical Studies at Athens (1885-87) are united and put under one cover. We read of one young lady (A. M., Mich. Univ.) as among the students of 1885-86, who devoted herself to the temple remains of Eleusis. Excavations during the period in question were made of the theatre at Thoricus, on the southeastern coast of Attica, and of the theatre of Sicyon, northwest of Corinth. Of these we shall hear later in detail. The home of the school has been built on land given by the Government, Dr. Charles Waldstein has been secured as permanent Director, and a strenuous effort is now making for a permanent endowment.

Scholarships to bear the name of the late Archbishop Trench are to be established in Alexandra College, Dublin, and an appeal is made for American coöperation in this memorial foundation. Subscriptions should be sent to Macmillan & Co., 112 Fourth Avenue, New York.

Ginn & Co. promise in April an 'Introduction to the Study of the Middle Ages, A. D. 378-814,' by Ephraim Emerton, Professor of History in Harvard University.

T. Y. Crowell & Co. will publish next month 'Napoleon and the Russian Campaign,' by Count L. N. Tolstoi, with a well-engraved portrait of the author after the least satisfactory original which has yet fallen under our notice. It has been badly engraved before.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. issue at once 'The Second Son,' by Mrs. Oliphant and Mr. T. B. Aldrich; 'A Masque, and Other Poems,' by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell; 'Beyond the Shadow, and Other Poems,' by Stuart Sterne; and a two-story volume by Bret Harte, containing "A Phyllis of the Sierras" and "A Drift from Redwood Camp."

This being the season of the year for new ventures in periodicals, we are to expect next month the weekly *Garden and Forest*, a journal of horticulture, landscape art, and forestry, under the general control of Prof. C. S. Sargent of Harvard, as we have already given notice. Its publication office is in the *Tribune* building. Also, about the same time, will appear the *Publishing World*, an illustrated monthly literary newspaper, undertaken by the Brinckerhoff Printing & Publishing Co. at No. 771 Broadway. Mr. Hugh Craig will be the editor. *Outing* has again changed hands, and is henceforth to be conducted by Mr. J. H. Worman, editor of the *Daily Saratogian*.

The first number of the *Lincolnshire Notes and Queries*, a quarterly journal devoted to the antiquities, parochial records, family history, traditions, customs, folk-lore, etc., of the county, is before us (Horncastle, Eng.: W. K. Morton). The editors are Ernest L. Grange, M.A., and the Rev. J. Clare Hudson, M.A. The typography is very tasteful, and the contents pointed and entertaining. We observe in the partial list of subscribers but one American —the Boston Public Library; but many individual Bostonians might well occur on it, considering the relations of Lincolnshire to the Bay Settlement. A folding facsimile of a protection granted by Charles I. in 1643 is the sole illustration of the present number.

In the present month there is to appear at Oporto a new *Mensageiro Litterario*, a review with a European bibliographical section, as well as a scientific and a literary. The publisher, J. J. de Mesquita Pimentel, aims at something different from any existing publication in Spain, Portugal, or Brazil.

In the December number of *Le Livre* M. L. Derôme has something learned and valuable (as we expect of this writer) to say concerning the ups and downs in the reputation of Charles Perrault, best remembered by what is a minor title to remembrance, his 'Contes des Fées.' As a favorite officer of Colbert's, a superintendent of royal construction under Louis XIV., author of the colonnade of the Louvre, founder of the Académie des Inscriptions and of the Académie des Sciences, member of the Académie Française, whose receptions (beginning with his own) he first made public, besides introducing the secret ballot, he left enduring traces of his originality and force of character. In many ways he was ahead of his time, as in bespeaking for France a uniform system of weights and measures, and in contending against the humanists by insisting on the greatness of the moderns, as in his famous 'Parallèle des anciens et des modernes,' his critical judgments having since been fully ratified. On this point M. Derôme dwells at length, and urges a collective edition of his works. To Perrault and not to Scarron belongs the couplet describing the shadowy coachman in Hades who,

> ". . . tenant l'ombre d'une brosse,
> Nettoyait l'ombre d'un carrosse."

Some interesting facts about the family of Rabelais are also to be found in this number of *Le Livre*, with the announcement that an exhibition of caricatures is to be held in Paris during the present year.

The *Revue des Deux Mondes*, in the number for January 1, announces that there will appear in its pages during the coming year papers by M. Renan, "Les Règnes de David et de Salomon"; M. Taine, "Le Passage de la République à l'Empire"; and "La Conquête de l'Algérie," by an Academician less widely known than the other two, M. Camille Rousset, whose previous

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work on the same subject, 'Les Commencements d'une Conquête,' published a few months ago, first appeared as separate articles in the pages of the *Revue*. M. Renan's papers on the reigns of David and of Solomon will continue the story of his 'Peuple d'Israël' from the point where the published volume ends far enough into the next one to give as vivid an impression of that as the long passage previously published by the *Revue*, "Saül et David," gave of the earlier one. M. Taine's promised papers, like his "Napoléon Bonaparte" in the numbers for February 15 and March 1 last year, will be a portion of the forthcoming volumes on the Empire in his great work, 'Les Origines de la France contemporaine.' Three other Academicians are also announced to contribute in a lighter vein to the *Revue des Deux Mondes* during the present year: M. Victor Cherbuliez, with "La Vocation du Comte Ghislain"; M. Octave Feuillet, with "Un Artiste"; M. Ludovic Halévy, with a story which has been talked of for more than a year, "Blanches Couronnes."

No. 2 of vol. x of the *American Journal of Mathematics*, lately received, reminds us that we have not yet noticed No. 1 of the same volume, received some time ago. That number was adorned with a very fine full-page portrait of Prof. J. J. Sylvester, well worthy of being framed and hung up in the library of every mathematician. The shape of the massive head is completely exposed, since it is almost entirely devoid of hair, and the stamp of profound, absorbing, and yet quiet thought appears in every lineament of the strongly marked countenance. Another feature of these two numbers of the *Journal* is the more than ordinarily extensive use of geometrical figures to illustrate the text. One of the articles in the first number has six figures in the text, and a paper in No. 2, entitled "Forms of Non-Singular Quintic Curves," is supplemented by twelve quarto pages, containing forty-seven figures. The fourteen papers contained in these two numbers are evenly divided between European and American writers, including among the latter Prof. Young of University College, Toronto, Canada. Of the contents of these papers we can only say that those who have made, or who intend to make, mathematics the principal study of their lives, will find them of the highest interest; to all others they will be unintelligible.

The pictorial supplement of the *Art Age* for January is a very competent etching by Mr. Hamilton Hamilton after Mr. F. D. Millet's spirited painting "The Click of the Latch"—a young wife, with beaming face, looking out of the cottage window to greet her husband.

George Bell & Sons, London, have published a fluent English translation by May Herbert of 'Schumann's Early Letters.' There is of course an introduction by Sir George Grove (an English musical work without a preface by Grove would be an anomaly), and the editor points out with satisfaction the esteem in which Schumann is held in England to-day, as compared with the neglect of former times. The letters were reviewed at length in the *Nation* when they first appeared in Germany. They are of interest even to non-musical readers who like to look into the workshops of genius.

The prettiest book which has come out of England for a long while is 'Aucassin and Nicolete,' done into English by Andrew Lang (London: David Nutt; New York: Scribner & Welford). It is a reproduction of the form and spirit of the best Elzevirs. There is an etched title-page by Mr. P. Jacomb Hood, who has also adorned the tiny volume with exquisitely delicate and appropriate head-bands and tail-pieces. The paper is Japanese, tough and supple and rich-toned. The printing has been done at the Chiswick Press; the modest rubrication is especially to be commended. The whole book, inside and outside, is a testimony to the taste and learning of the editor-translator. His rendering of the *chante-fable* is idiomatic and felicitous, with at least a suggestion of antiquated quaintness. The style, as Mr. Lang tells us, "if not Old English, is at least English which is elderly, with a memory of Malory."

The first folio of Shakspere, which is of inestimable value to the student of the text, has been brought within the reach of every one by the photographic facsimile which has been made of it in a reduced octavo size ('The Works of William Shakspere in a reduced facsimile, from the famous first Folio Edition of 1623. With an introduction by J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps.' New York: Funk & Wagnalls, 1887). Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps's Introduction is very short, and contains nothing noticeable. When we remember that an average copy of the original brings £500, and a good copy has sold as high as £714, the use of photography in multiplying the volume for the "poor scholar" is something to be thankful for. We observe, also, two new reprints by the same means in the Shakspere-Quarto Series, the "Richard II." of 1634 (the Fifth Quarto) and the "Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth," 1598, which, though not Shaksperian, is important enough as the predecessor of Shakspere's play on the same subject to be included, and is thought to contain the germ of the comic elements which he developed.

Cassell's National Library swells its second volume with Selden's 'Table Talk,' Defoe's 'Essay upon Projects,' and another instalment of Pepys.

Sensible and humorous is Mrs. A. M. Diaz's 'Bybury to Beacon Street' (Boston: D. Lothrop Co.). The villagers of Bybury are supposed to meet together, and to talk and write about their experiences, as well as to discuss various subjects. We hear also from the busy Beacon Street woman, whose days are as painfully subdivided by the conflicting claims of home, society, charity, and shopping, as poor Mrs. Lammerkin's of Bybury by those of cooking, sewing, baby-tending, etc., which all seem to require attention at once. Amusing as well as distressing are the stories of their tormented hours. Sunlight in the house, simplicity in dress and diet, self-respect instead of the worship of wealth and fashion, education of women in skilled labor, are among the things Mrs. Diaz advocates by the mouths of her speakers. These and other topics are touched with the bright insight and penetrating common sense which are the worst enemies of stupidity and folly. The social lump needs plenty of such leaven. We hope that both in city and country the book will be widely read.

Books on housekeeping and connected subjects abound. Harper & Bros. offer us Juliet Corson's 'Family Living on $500 a Year; a Daily Reference-Book for Young Housekeepers,' based on a series of articles which appeared in *Harper's Bazar*. This is food-economist, cook-book, and instructor in table service all in one. The discouragement which might come to an ordinary housekeeper through realizing from its contents what an amount and variety of knowledge it is possible and desirable to have on such matters, is handsomely offset by the enlightenment and suggestions it affords. Not the least attractive of the thirty-six chapters are those which contain bills of fare. One has, however, a feeling that to practise the economy here indicated, and at the same time to follow out all the ideas in regard to table variety, would entirely absorb time, strength, and vitality. Moreover, the amount of spicing and frying required does not exactly accord with some hygienic considerations. However, the book is a capital one, and every housekeeper should feel grateful to the able and painstaking author.

Still another work on household matters is 'The Biddy Club,' by Griffith A. Nicholas (Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.). Despite the undignified title and informal opening, the gist of it is very serious advice upon housekeeping questions, especially the treatment of domestics. It is the careful effort of some earnest well-wisher to both mistress and servant to teach the former how, by fulfilling her own duties, she may develop capacity in the latter. It is daring in its ideals, but full of admirable suggestion. It emphasizes strongly the duty of treating servants with kindly consideration as well as the strictest honor, and has also the conspicuous merit of showing how American women should face the dragon of domestic service, instead of cowering before it, as is often assumed must be done.

An interesting supplement to the grand "Édition Nationale" of Victor Hugo has just been issued in Paris uniform with that most sumptuous publication. It is devoted to the costumes of "La Esmeralda," the opera-libretto Hugo wrote for Mlle. Bertin in 1836, and it contains fifteen colored plates after the water-colors of Louis Boulanger, a facsimile of an engraving by Celestin Nanteuil of the scene of the first act, a facsimile of the "poster" of the first performance, a selection from Mlle. Bertin's score, and a preface by M. Charles Nuitter, the learned archivist of the Opéra. (Paris: Testard; New York: F. W. Christern.)

Part 18 of the 'Geschichte der Deutschen Kunst' (Westermann) continues the narrative of German painting. Part 19 introduces the section on Art Industry. The colored and other plates and the cuts interspersed with the text are, as usual, abundant and of a high order.

—Mr. Lowell's poem stands first in interest in the February *Atlantic*, not only for its author's sake, but intrinsically. It is a long poem and difficult in its matter; the style, too, is exalted; but though readers who are not familiarized with the language of verse at once condensed and elevated may find the first reading hard, the meaning and the beauty of the poem will yield, as we have discovered for ourselves, to repeated perusal. The author himself anticipates criticism by calling the lines "a mystical comment on Titian's 'Sacred and Profane Love.'" There is no reference to these pictures in the poem, which uses the myth of Endymion for its allegory. It describes the growth and changes and typical moods of love for woman from the youth's white ideal to the man's passion for possession, and afterwards, ending with the affirmation of the three-fold nature of his object of desire as "queen of my heaven—queen, too, of my earth and hell." The lines which express the youth's first impulses of awe and worship, his maiden fancies, are especially beautiful; but the characteristic of the poem is its nobleness. This slight analysis and suggestion are all we can give, but we hope they may serve to prevent some natural discouragement in those who may be disposed to think that the poem "entertains of too hard matter." The other contents of the magazine are almost entirely literary, which is a matter for congratulation. There is much fiction, much poetry, and much criticism. Mr. Lathrop's article upon George Meredith is better than is usual from his pen, and though one observes a good deal of

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"hedging" by means of over-praise, it is a paper which helps to clear the air about this latest idol of "the cult." Mr. Lawton's essay on the "Medea" has many excellences, and Mr. Perkins's sketch of Madame Necker is entertaining history. The view of the state of European law on the subject of civil and religious marriage, which is the only other topic we have space to mention, is interesting in its subject, and seems to be exhaustive and trustworthy; it is a chapter in social development, rather than a technical inquiry.

— *Harper's* has a good deal that is of interest in politics. Senator Edmunds replies to Henry Watterson, on the protective side of the tariff argument, but he contributes nothing new to the discussion, except perhaps his opinion that the tax on whiskey does not affect its consumption. He is followed by Osborne Howes, jr., who writes of our shipping interests, and advocates a free-trade basis, on which alone they can flourish, either by taking off duties or by allowing drawbacks, together with the necessary change in the registration laws. His argument is simple, straightforward, and business-like. There is a cognate paper on the various ship-railways, with maps, now undertaken or proposed in Canada, about the Lake States, in Florida, and in Mexico; and a sketch is given of the Athenian ship-railway at Corinth, and of the feat of the Venetians in transporting a navy to Lake Garda in the Middle Ages. The Socialistic agitation in England is very instructively treated by J. H. Rosny. He does not enter into the right and wrong of the matter, but he illustrates the methods of the propagandism of the theory by the London groups, and shows the state of affairs, the actual look of the situation, very effectively as well as in an entertaining way by reporting the conversation in an English barroom and the scenes in Victoria Park where the orators hold forth. The sketches which illustrate this paper are very spirited. The West is the subject of some frontier reminiscences by Gen. Marcy in his exploring days before the war, and of an historical paper by Edmund Kirke on Robertson's colony in Tennessee in 1780. Quebec is described and illustrated in the usual way, and Mr. Howells has a paper on Villeneuve and its environs, in which he amuses himself with destroying the Byronic myth of Bonnivard, whom he draws in his own manner, and makes very agreeable if less statuesque. Art is represented by Felix Buhot's works, and Mr. Henry James contributes the fresh fiction of the number.

—The condition of our negro population is the subject of a Washington letter in the *Frankfurter Zeitung* of December 24, 1887. The writer's view of their social status is correct enough, but he is rather at sea in his historical retrospect, as when he says that the South was, at one time, more opposed to slavery than was the North, and that the civil war was a struggle between "the sons of slave-owners and the planters to whom their fathers had sold their dark commodities." This is a corollary to the misleading statement that "in 1790 the negroes were distributed throughout the country, and were almost exclusively slaves," but that "during the first quarter of the century, the inhabitants of the Northern States gradually sold their slaves to the South, where climate and the nature of the agricultural products increased the value of negro labor"—all of which sounds as if this countryman of Von Holst had drawn his facts from the pro-slavery pamphlets of Buchanan's Administration. The results of his observation, however, are better than those of his reading, and his opinion of the mental capacity of the negroes, as shown since the war, and of their possibilities of mental and physical progress, is decidedly favorable. He comments in detail on instances of race prejudice in both Northern and Southern States, and is especially struck by the fact that while the marriage of a white with a black involves ostracism from all society, miscegenation without marriage not only is visited with no social or legal penalties, but is so common that, exclusive of field hands, the color of at least half of the negroes is tinged with white. Add to this that while the negro women are industrious and willing to sacrifice themselves for the good of their children, the men rarely have any respect for the bonds of marriage, and, if married at all, are frequently several times bigamists, and the moral future can hardly be deemed promising. It appears that a German-American journalist has predicted that, in 1,000 years, there will be neither whites nor blacks in this country, but only "colored" people. The probability of this the correspondent does not deem it necessary to discuss, since "in 1,000 years there will very likely no longer be any United States."

—A writer in a recent number of the Berlin *Gegenwart* gives some interesting information concerning the results of a somewhat novel educational experiment lately tried by the French Government. It appears that, as early as 1883, Jules Ferry was persuaded to send a few young Frenchmen abroad at the public expense, to enable them to get a better knowledge of the German language. The first group sent out consisted of six persons chosen by a competitive examination in German from among twenty-five candidates for teachers' positions in the *écoles supérieures*. The Government stipend was fixed at 100 francs a month, exclusive of travelling expenses. In 1884, Fallières, then Minister of Instruction, decided to extend the privilege to graduates of the secondary schools, even though they did not propose to devote themselves to teaching, but to business. In defence of the idea, it was alleged that the graduate of the French schools had no practical command of German, and that this could only be gained by residence abroad. It was also urged that the stipendiaries would not only learn a foreign language thoroughly, but would also acquire some knowledge of the people among whom they should sojourn. As M. Bréal put it, "Ils n'apprennent pas seulement l'allemand et l'anglais, mais l'Allemagne et l'Angleterre." The argument seems to have been convincing, and the policy recommended has now apparently become a fixture. The annual expenditure for thirty stipendiaries is (the figures are for 1886) about 60,000 francs. Of these thirty, thirteen are sent to Germany and distributed among twelve different cities and nine different States. The proper distribution of the stipendiaries and the finding of homes for them are made the business of a committee of seven, of whom M. Bréal is at present chairman. The first report of this committee, to judge from the *Gegenwart's* description, presents the results of the new policy in a very rosy light. The stipendiaries not only without exception make good use of their time in learning German, but speak in warm and even enthusiastic terms of their life in Germany. They dwell upon the kindness of the German families in which they have lived, and upon the cordiality of their German fellow-students. "They all admit," says our authority, "that the art of instruction is more highly developed in Germany than in France; more attention is paid to the individuality of the learner, and the personality of the teacher counts for more." Only in drawing, it is observed, is the French training superior.

—One can hardly help speculating upon the results which may come from this policy if it be kept up uninterruptedly for a period of years. As every one knows, it is ignorance more than anything else which serves to keep national prejudice in an inflammable condition. The French have hitherto been famous for their lack of curiosity with regard to other peoples, and it is rather singular that they should be the first to adopt such a policy as that above described. But there can be no doubt that if the brief experience of the past few years offers any criterion, the policy cannot be otherwise than wholesome in its bearing upon the relations of France with Germany. Every French teacher, every French merchant, who has lived for two years among the Germans, will become a centre of influence and a source of accurate knowledge with regard to them. Thus light will gradually be let in upon many a dark place of superstition and prejudice. If the French people were really acquainted with things German, were even as well acquainted with them as the German people are with things French, it would be much more difficult than it is for the peace of Europe to be endangered by the sudden frenzy of the Parisian populace. That improvement in the teaching of German in French schools will result from this policy hardly admits of doubt; but whether, from a purely pedagogical point of view, the expenditure will really pay, is perhaps questionable. The sending of prospective teachers abroad is resorted to professedly because as pupils they have not been able in the French schools to learn to speak German. But will their own pupils fare any better? If practical command of a foreign tongue, that is, the ability to speak and write it easily, is to be regarded as the sole end and aim of instruction, then we fear that nothing will ever suffice except the transference of the entire class to foreign soil.

—It is cheering to read, on the title-page of a serious historical work, "twenty-fifth edition." This popularity, not often accorded to works of fiction, has been attained by Mr. Francis Parkman's 'Pioneers of France in the New World' (Boston: Little, Brown & Co.). The volume on our table bears not only the above legend, but this also—"revised, with additions." The revision begins with the original introduction (written twenty-three years ago this very month), which has been shortened; and what is noticeable, on a careful examination, is the author's overhauling of his style in minute particulars in a way very instructive as self-criticism. A recent visit to Florida has caused him to modify the local color of his former descriptions, and in harmony with this is a freer use of quaint citations from his sources, as in the case of Ribaut and Laudonnière especially. This leads to some expansion of the Florida narrative. The list of authorities has been enlarged, and among those of latest date Gaffarel's 'Histoire de la Floride Française' has proved most useful. We owe to it a new and pregnant ninth chapter, on Charles IX. and Philip II., in which the subsequent agent of the St. Bartholomew massacre appears in the more decent aspect of the King of all France making reclamations of Philip II. for the slaughter of Ribaut's Lutheran colony by Menendez. Whether he merely wished to save appearances or not, the redress sought was not vigorously demanded and was not accorded. Charles had assented to the colonization of Florida as proposed by Coligny, "not for the [Protestant] Faith, but for France":

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"The enterprise, in fact, had a double character, political as well as religious. It was the reply of France, the most emphatic she had yet made, to the Papal bull which gave all the western hemisphere to Portugal and Spain; and, as if to point her answer, she sent, not Frenchmen only, but Protestant Frenchmen, to plant the fleur-de-lis on the shores of the New World."

The index of this improved edition has been greatly extended, as was desirable.

—The career of Savonarola may now be regarded as developed in the fullest light of historical research. The revised edition of Villari's 'Storia di Girolamo Savonarola' is at length completed with the appearance of the second volume, and bears evidence of the author's customary diligence in leaving nothing unexplored that throws light upon the subject. To the ordinary reader his careful analysis of contemporary testimony and the clear insight and eloquence of his exposition render the work attractive, while to the student it is indispensable. The generous dimensions of the Appendix of Documents enables the author to give *in extenso* all the more important papers connected with the life of the Frate. Those in the second volume are of especial interest, comprising all the official reports of the several trials to which Savonarola and his assistants were subjected. In addition we have, what is too often lacking in such works, a copious analytical index, occupying fifty pages. Yet even this does not exhaust all that can be said about Savonarola, for simultaneously there appears a second and enlarged edition of Gherardi's 'Nuovi Documenti e Studi.' The two works are in no sense rivals, for Villari's book is an historical biography in the best sense of the term, embodying a philosophical investigation into the factors which rendered possible such a career as Savonarola's, and made its catastrophe inevitable, while Gherardi's is not a history, but materials for history. It concerns itself principally with subsidiary points of interest, and illustrates how thoroughly Italian scholars have ransacked every accessible source of information on the subject. Among other matters we may mention an extended bibliography, comprising 212 articles, and including even an essay on the subject which appeared in *Scribner* in 1880. One of the important additions to this edition is a series of accounts of the expenses of the *Dieci di Balia*, from 1497 to 1499, by which we learn that the pile on which Savonarola was burnt cost 10 lire 17 soldi. In those evil days, wood was dear and human life was cheap.

—The fourth edition of 'Meyers Konversations-Lexikon' (New York: Westermann) gets through with the eighth volume and well along in the ninth in the parts which have recently come to hand. As usual, one sees everywhere marks of alert recognition of the latest authorities. Italy is the leading geographico-political article; Japan, also, fills a large space; the Jews and the Karls and the Church (*Kirche*) are the other leading titles. There are excellent maps of Italy, of Hamburg and Altona, Jerusalem, Cologne, Königsberg, Cairo and vicinity, etc. The European colonial possessions in Asia, Africa, and Oceanica are shown in comparative charts. The German colonies in Africa, on the eastern and western coasts, form a sort of triangle suggestive of easy transcontinental exploration between friendly stations. The plates of ceramics, beetles, and cactuses are beautifully executed in colors. The American portion is well cared for as far as it goes. Mr. Howells, while ranked below Hawthorne, is pronounced incontestably the first living American novelist. Mr. Henry James is not allowed to be second, for his name does not occur in the Lexikon, though Postmaster-General James is admitted. The artistic family of Hunt is likewise ignored, and the Jay family, in spite of its hereditary distinction. Gen. Greely, further, is missed, but the editor explains, in the *Korrespondenzblatt* on the cover, that due mention will be made of him under North Polar Exploration. Another correspondent is notified (and the fact may have a cis-Atlantic interest) that the collection of life masks made in 1879–'82 in the South Sea and the Malayan Archipelago by Dr. Otto Finsch, and numbering 164 pieces, may be had for $400, or a sample lot of six for $20. They are multiplied, colored, and sold at Castan's Panopticum in Berlin. Lovers of 'Uncle Remus' who enjoy Brer Fox's adventure with Cousin Wildcat, will find under *Katze* a graphic illustration of the difference between the latter's tracks when in a hurry and when proceeding stealthily, and will understand the success of Brer Rabbit's mystification. Finally, in the American group, we may fitly name the article devoted to the late Friedrich Kapp, whose historical works hold an honored place in our literature.

SIR STEPHEN DE VERE'S TRANSLATIONS FROM HORACE.

Translations from Horace, and a few Original Poems. By Sir Stephen E. de Vere, Bart. With Latin text. 2d ed., enlarged. London: George Bell & Sons.

GOETHE says that translators are like carriers who convey good wine to market, though it is apt to be very much watered on the way. It is not often that a translator devotes twenty-seven pages of preface to explaining his process of dilution, or to defending it in advance. This is, however, what Sir Stephen de Vere does; and the reader likes him the better for it; his admixture of the thinner element ceases to be a sin, and becomes at worst an error. He does precisely what he promises, and does it honestly; if the result is disastrous, it is his method, not his character, that is to be condemned. By Sir Stephen's own opening statement, in the preface, "No classical author is so difficult of translation as Horace." Fully recognizing this, his translator accepts also the dictum, which he quotes from Hallam, that, "in all translations, to represent the original character is the first duty." If, therefore, he fails, it is in an enterprise of conscious daring; if he attempts, in Boileau's phrase, to put lance in rest against his author's text (*jouster contre l'original*), he at least touches Bois-Guilbert's shield, for he not merely attempts to translate Horace, but he undertakes fearlessly the noblest and most difficult of the odes. If he fails to render them —and we think that this is the case—it is the result neither of negligence nor of weakness, but of a false theory.

Sir Stephen sets out with the assumption that Horace's condensation is "little in harmony with the English language or the usual current of English thought." The last clause of the sentence may be true, and if true it is of no consequence. The question is not of the usual current of thought or an unusual one; it concerns only the resources of a language. Longfellow found those resources adequate to the almost literal rendering of Dante into English verse; yet Dante is, among the moderns, the acknowledged master of compression. Sir Stephen de Vere ranks Horace in this respect with Tacitus: "He is the Tacitus of poetry" (p. xiv). But Emerson showed that Tacitus, in the hands of a master, not only required no dilution, but was susceptible of compression. Tacitus, explaining why the effigies of certain great men were not carried in a certain procession, wrote, "Eo magis præfulgebant quia non visebantur." Emerson, reducing six words to five, and fifteen syllables to seven, translated this sentence, "They glared through their absences." The moral is, that the difficulty of translating a highly condensed author may not lie wholly in the language, but in the man, and that although Horace may have many English translators—Miss Mitford says that "all gentlemen" amused themselves with that enterprise in her time—he will never be really rendered into English until he finds some one to deal with him as did Emerson with Tacitus or Longfellow with Dante. For his "curiosa felicitas," though by no means the whole of him, is yet so large a part of him as to be essential; a loose and flowing version, like that of Sir Stephen de Vere, may be very pleasant reading as a rhymed paraphrase, but a translation it is not. One might as well try to represent the 'Inferno' by a measure borrowed from the 'Lady of the Lake.'

Let us take, for instance, the well-known ode to Mæcenas, beginning "Tyrrhena regum progenies" (iii., 29). These three opening words are here thus translated:

> "Thou whose lineage springs
> From old Etruria's kings"

—eight words for three; and then there is added:

> "Come to my humble dwelling,"

which corresponds to nothing in the original, the invitation being there solely given by enumerating the delights that await the guest. These include the perfume for his locks, the very mention of these tresses coming lovingly from the poet:

> "Pressa tuis balanus capillis."

But this is only rendered,

> "And perfumes pressed from nard divine";

while the locks themselves, the only thing to explain the presence of "balanus," are left unmentioned. This is the double calamity of a loose and flowing translation; it not only inserts a great deal that is not in the original, but it always turns out to have omitted much that is there; it not merely amplifies but substitutes. The next lines yet further illustrate this inevitable evil. We can well praise the translator for condensing "Eripe te moræ" into "Haste!" but see how hopelessly the balance inclines against him in what follows:

> "Nec semper udum Tibur, et Æsulæ
> Declive contempleris arvum et
> Telegoni juga parricidæ."

This he translates,

> "Leave Tibur sparkling with its hundred rills;
> Forget the sunny slopes of Aesulae,
> And rugged peaks of Telagonian hills
> That frown defiance on the Tuscan Sea."

Here "semper udum" is hammered out into five words, and "Telegoni juga" into eleven; we have, outside of Horace, the sparkling rills, and the sunny slopes, and the rugged peaks, frowning defiance on the Tuscan Sea; we have a vast multiplication of syllables, and, after all, the "parricidæ" is ignored. So a few lines later he translates

> "beatæ
> Fumum et opes strepitumque Romæ,"

leaving out the significant "beatæ" and giving only

> "The smoke, the tumult, and the wealth of Rome."

In the next verse the whole sententious line,

> "Plerumque gratæ divitibus vices"

is left out, and the word *mundæ* is also omitted, thus losing sight of that cleanliness which is an essential attraction of the rustic meal described. There is no reference in the next

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verse to the action of the sun in bringing on the sultry weather:

—"Sole dies referente siccos."

In the next verse the translator needlessly substitutes "panting" for the simple weariness or languor of the flock (*grege languido*), and dilutes the terse

"caretque
Ripa vagis taciturna ventis,"

into a needless, though graceful amplitude,

"Where by mute margins voiceless waters creep
And the hushed zephyrs sleep."

Coming to the next verse, we find the whole structure of the ode altered by inserting a summons where none is given—

"Too long by civil cares opprest,
Snatch one interval of rest."

There is no such proposal; the poet has got far beyond direct appeal, and all the rest of the poem is a sweet and gracious philosophy, whose dignity is partly missed when the translator omits altogether the "prudens" by which the wise foresight of the deity is characterized; and he again weakens a condensed moral precept by expanding the simple

"Quod adest memento
Componere æquus"

into

"Wisely and justly guide thy present state,
Life's daily duty";

giving us ten feebler words for five strong ones. In the next verse the translator gives a note of tragedy quite beyond the key of Horace, by introducing "drowned men" among the things borne away upon the overflowing stream; while he omits altogether the delicately drawn contrast,

"fera diluvies quietos
Irritat amnes."

In the passage that follows—the most celebrated in the poem—the translator is at his best, and we gladly quote his version; he renders eight lines in eight, and with a fair degree of vigor:

"Blest is the man who dares to say,
'Lord of myself, I've lived to-day.
To-morrow let the Thunderer roll
Storm and thick darkness round the pole,
Or purest sunshine: what is past
Unchanged for evermore shall last.
Nor man, nor Jove's resistless sway
Can blot the record of one vanished day.'"

Later, "I praise her when she stays" is at least a pardonable expansion of "Laudo manentem"; and "Pauperiem sine dote" is even abbreviated into "Dowerless poverty"; but in the noble closing verse we have great diffuseness again, while yet there is a total omission of the local references which make all the scene so vivid, and neither the *Africis procellis* nor the *Ægæos tumultus* appears at all in the translation.

By thus tracing the method of Sir Stephen de Vere as applied throughout a single important ode, we are enabled to judge of it in all. He is graceful, sympathetic, and faithful, according to his own standard; but, after all, he works in stucco where Horace worked in marble.

THE CENTRAL-EUROPEAN REVOLUTIONS OF 1848-49.—II.

The Revolutionary Movement of 1848-49 in Italy, Austria-Hungary, and Germany. With some Examination of the Previous Thirty-three Years. By C. Edmund Maurice, author of 'The Lives of English Popular Leaders in the Middle Ages.' London: George Bell & Sons; New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1887.

INCOMPARABLY greater, however, than in Italy or Germany was, in the spring of 1848—and after—the confusion in Austria. Vienna, after its honeymoon of freedom, was seething with revolutionary commotion. There were students' risings, laborers' riots, international wranglings, changes of Cabinet, Camarilla-conspiracies, and, finally, the flight of the Emperor Ferdinand to Olmütz. In Bohemia, the strife between German and Czech culminated in the gathering of a Slavic Congress in Prague, a senseless insurrection, and the bombardment of the city by Windischgrätz. Galicia was in a Polish revolutionary ferment. In southern Hungary the Serbs were rising against the Magyar revolutionary order of things created by Kossuth; the same was done by the Rumans and Saxons in Transylvania; and more ominous was the arming of the Croats under Ban Jellachich, against the authorities in Buda-Pesth and for the creation of a "triune" State—Croatia-Slavonia-Dalmatia. There was a perfect maze of movements and counter-movements, of national schemes and plots; and the fury of the participants in them equalled the ferocity with which tyranny fights for its existence, or feudal reaction establishes its sway. Yet our author takes a most charitable view of all these popular strifes. He says:

"Though these divisions hindered the coöperation of the members of the different nations who might have worked together for freedom and progress, it should always be noted that the desire of each nation was, in the first instance, for the development of a free national life, connected with true culture and learning, and independent of mere officialism. If the Magyars were overbearing and tyrannical towards the Croats, it was partly because they believed that these divisions (the fault of which they attributed to the Croats) were tending to strengthen the hands of their common oppressors. If, on the other hand, the Croats appealed to the Emperor for protection against the Magyars, it was not from any courtier-like or slavish desire to strengthen the hands of despotism, but partly because they felt that the position of the Emperor enabled him to judge more fairly between the contending parties. . . ."

And thus "Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur" has evidently been a leading maxim in writing this book. The sympathetic side of this impartiality we can only applaud. But there is another side to it, where it becomes excessive and unjust. (The author himself, as the Preface shows, felt the danger of becoming unfair from equal sympathy.) The Serbs and Croats, Rumans and Saxons, were surely struggling for their own national freedom when they demanded of Kossuth separatistic autonomies, and, on their demands being refused, immediately flew to arms, began a Vendean warfare against the Magyars, coöperated with the Imperial forces and finally with the invading army of Czar Nicholas, and stabbed Hungarian independence, and with it the democratic revolution of all Europe, to death. We can sympathize with all those secessionists of Hungary in their blindness, which made them restore, at the expense of streams of blood, the centralizing despotism of Metternich, under the more unscrupulous auspices of Haynaus and Bachs. But are Kossuth and his friends, who had just broken the yoke of Metternich and feudalism for all Austria, and by parliamentary means conquered constitutional freedom and civil rights for all its divisions and races, to be so severely inveighed against as they are by our author, for not yielding to demands for miniature autonomies which, as they firmly believed (and correctly, *we* think) could but lead to a speedy breaking up of their country into small fragments—for the benefit of Russia alone? Were not the Slovaks in the northwest and the Ruthenes in the northeast soon to come forth with demands like those of their Slavic brethren in the south? Were not the former gravitating towards a union with the Bohemians, and the latter with the Little-Russians of the Czar? Would not the Rumans of Transylvania have joined those in Moldavia and Wallachia, and the Serbs of the Banat become annexed by the Servian Principality? Was not Croatia granted real national autonomy, only short of independence? Could a thousand lines of national demarcation be drawn in every direction, so as to prevent incessant strife and ultimate chaos? Nor ought it to be forgotten, in judging the claims of "the Magyars," that this term covers not only six million Magyars by blood, but also three or four million ardently sympathizing fellow-citizens of different races—northern Slavs, Germans, Jews, Armenians, and others—in one word, nearly two-thirds of all the inhabitants of the Hungarian realm.

We can hardly doubt that the omitting of a clear exhibition of the relative strength and importance of the contending camps considerably impaired the historian's own perspective. In the same way we find that his avoidance of all references to authorities caused a dangerous laxity in examining, and looseness in stating, facts. We must say that we have never met with a more shocking perversion of a public act by a decent writer than the following statement perpetrates (p. 441): "On the 8th of October [1848] Kossuth issued an order to the towns of Hungary, in which he told them that any one that did not hang out the Hungarian flag, and express in writing his devotion to the Hungarian cause, and his willingness to obey the committee appointed by the Government, should be shot as a traitor." This "savage proclamation"—a mild expression, if we consider that it virtually condemned to death millions of Slavs, Rumans, and Saxons—existed only in the brains of some anti-Magyar informants of our author. Had he looked for more authentic authorities, he would easily have discovered that the order was issued only to the *fortresses* of Hungary, and threatened only their *commanders*—about a dozen men—and only in case they would neither hoist the Hungarian tricolor, in place of the black-yellow flag of Austria, nor surrender their commands to officers loyal to the Constitution. (The proclamation can be found in the *Kossuth Hirlapja* of October 13, 1848, and abstracts of it in every extensive history of the Hungarian Revolution, such as Bishop Horváth's or Irányi and Chassin's. Not one such, however, was consulted by Mr. Maurice, as his list of "Authorities" shows.) This defamation of Kossuth, into which the historian has been betrayed in part by his charitable desire to extenuate the fury of the opponents of the Magyar cause, demands a public retraction.

Nor is it the only involuntary injustice done that cause in painting its prominent defenders. They are largely, though not chiefly, wronged by omissions. There is no allusion to the wonderful organizing activity displayed by Kossuth throughout the desperate contest, nor a mention of even the principal battlefields on which the valor of his *honvéds* shone. And not only are Szolnok, Kápolna, Nagy-Sarló, etc., unnamed, but the whole strategic history of the war is wanting. Even the capture of Buda is not stated, though its siege is spoken of. In fact, almost everything in this history referring to warlike events is either very defective or barely allusive. We may instance the events in Posen, Schleswig-Holstein, and Baden, and the Novara campaign. The principal exception is Garibaldi's defence of Rome. It was, perhaps, the author's intention not to include military actions in the picture of the 'Revolutionary Movement of 1848-'49'; but, if so, he ought to have stated it. By far the fullest and most satisfactory parts of the work are the introductory chapters, treating of the period of Metternich's sway, and the narratives of the Italian revolution—though not *done sine ira et*

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studio. Radetzky is painted as black as Haynau, "the tiger of Brescia." The portrait of Mazzini exhibits no blemish. Metternich and Charles Albert are very fairly depicted, and the Emperors Francis and Ferdinand kindly treated, while Frederick William IV. and most German actors appear only in pale outlines. Altogether German affairs do not receive their due share of attention. Every page of the book, however, bespeaks the writer's earnestness, humane sympathies, and love of political righteousness. And the whole of it is vigorously written.

The list of "Authorities Consulted" teems with misprints in German words; in the main parts we find "einen Kammer" (p. 308), "Izstein" (repeatedly for Itzstein), and a few similar inaccuracies. On page 14 we find: "On June 18, 1816, the students of the University met to celebrate the anniversary of the battle of Leipzig"—which was fought in October; p. 39: "February, 1822," for February, 1821; p. 49: "Ibrahim, the Pasha of Egypt," for Ibrahim Pasha, the son (or adopted son) of Mehemet Ali of Egypt. The county assemblies of Hungary were not convened "once a year" (p. 74), but four times. It was not in the "sevententh century" but in the sixteenth that Transylvania "separated for a time from Hungary" (p. 110). The movement attributed to "Maria Theresa about 1731" (p. 115) is probably referable to 1741, the second year of her reign. Chancellor Apponyi was not directed by Metternich "to supersede the Hungarian County Assemblies by administrators appointed by himself" (p. 201), but to have them presided over by such officials. The statement that in 1847 the Hungarian House of Magnates "called upon the Lower House to limit themselves to votes of thanks," etc. (p. 203), is almost absurdly loose. On pp. 242 and 243 "Archduke Maximilian," or "Maximilian," is, by a kind of aphasia, three times used in a story of Archduke Albert, instead of this latter name. "Voyvodeschaft" (p. 282) is a mongrel form for Voivodship. Karajitch (or "Karadzić"), who died in 1864, did not contribute to the development of Serb literature "during the latter part of the eighteenth century" (p. 283). Neusatz is not a "town of Slavonia" (p. 284). The Emperor Ferdinand's second flight from Vienna was not "to Innspruck" (p. 393), but to Olmütz. To say that Bem distinguished himself as artillery commander "at the battle of Ostrolenka," and "also commanded . . . in the insurrection of 1830" (p. 394), is like saying that Grant distinguished himself at Vicksburg, and also commanded in the Civil War. "March 7," on p. 416, stands for March 4. Charles Albert did not make his "final effort" against the Austrians "in April, 1849" (p. 489), for he abdicated on the evening of his defeat at Novara, March 23. In justice to the author let us state that these flaws have been picked out of 500 large pages, densely filled with facts, and very attentively read, as they fully deserve to be.

GENERAL ORMSBY MITCHELL.—II.

Ormsby Macknight Mitchell, Astronomer and General. A Biographical Narrative. By his son, F. A. Mitchell. Crown 8vo, pp. viii, 392. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THE capture of Fort Donelson, the march on Nashville, Grant's movement to Pittsburgh Landing, Buell's to join him there, and the battle of Shiloh, all followed in the winter and early spring of 1862. Mitchell had shown himself a good commander of an advance guard, and when Buell left Nashville for the Shiloh and Corinth campaign, he intrusted to his subordinate the duty of covering Nashville and the left flank of the Grand Army under Halleck. It was the most important detached duty connected with the movement on Corinth, and the selection implied confidence in his capacity to exercise a quasi-independent command. He was expected to move southward from Murfreesboro to Fayetteville, with discretionary power to advance as far as Huntsville, Alabama. Upon hearing of the victory at Shiloh, he hastened his march and entered Huntsville on the 10th of April. His movement had been a vigorous one, and the results were important, though he had not been opposed by any considerable hostile force. Fifteen locomotives and eighty cars were captured, and Mitchell speedily sent detachments eastward to Stevenson and Bridgeport, and westward to Decatur, thus occupying about one hundred miles of the Memphis and Charleston Railroad. From Nashville, lines of railway went directly to Decatur and to Stevenson, forming a triangle, which, when some gaps were rebuilt which the enemy had made in their retreat, would make a system of communication of great strategic value. The southern side of this triangle was along the northern bank of the Tennessee River, which was crossed by no bridges except at the two ends of the piece of railroad which Mitchell now held, and this made the occupation and defence of southern Tennessee and northern Alabama safe and easy.

Mitchell telegraphed the result of his march to Nashville, whence it was forwarded to Washington, and his friends there secured his promotion to be Major-General, almost immediately, without waiting for the recommendation of his immediate superiors or any official knowledge of his achievement, except his own despatches. On the 17th of April he telegraphed a somewhat fuller report to the Secretary of War, assigning as a reason for it that he was uncertain whether his despatches reached General Buell. In this he says that he considers his line one of vast importance, and that a heavier force was needed upon it; but he does not inform the Secretary that the task assigned him was merely that of covering Nashville and the left flank of Halleck's army. On the 21st of April he telegraphed to Secretary Chase that he had spared the bridge over the Tennessee near Stevenson in the hope that he might be permitted to march on Chattanooga and Knoxville, but that he was now ordered to burn the bridges, adding significantly that he did not comprehend the order, but must obey it at once. He also said he thought the whole line of that railroad (the Memphis and Charleston) ought to be occupied, yet he feared it would be abandoned. This despatch Mr. Chase showed to the Secretary of War, who apparently showed it to Mr. Lincoln, and the President telegraphed Halleck to know what it meant. Halleck answered that Mitchell was not ordered to destroy railroad bridges, so far as he knew. Stanton then directed Mitchell to communicate daily with himself, saying that much interest was felt in his operations.

To a reader who knows anything of military subordination and discipline, the above outline only too plainly shows that Mitchell was discontented with the task assigned him, and made use of irregular methods of influencing the War Department to increase the importance of his command. The great end aimed at by Halleck was beyond all controversy the right one, *i. e.*, to attack and rout the Confederate Army under Beauregard; and he had united the forces of Grant's and Buell's departments for this purpose. Whether Halleck was as swift and vigorous in the execution of his plan as he should have been, is aside from the present inquiry. To have broken up his army into smaller columns would have violated every military rule, and it was perfectly right to keep Mitchell north of the Tennessee River and west of Stevenson till the principal object of the campaign should be achieved. For the subordinate part of the plan allotted to Mitchell, his forces were enough. But he wanted a larger field. The reason he gave for communicating directly with the War Department was not quite ingenuous. The telegraphic communication with Buell was not broken, and it was the easiest thing in the world to ask over the line whether his despatches were received. But his situation did not call for new instructions; those contained in Buell's letter of March 27 covered the ground, and that letter referred to conversational explanations already given.

This, however, is not the worst. The despatch to Chase of April 21 distinctly says he had "spared the Tennessee bridges near Stevenson" with the hope of a forward movement. This was misleading. He had himself burned a bridge beyond Stevenson more than a week before, and though it was not over the Tennessee, it had been burned to make his position defensively safe, and without orders from any one. To destroy the Bridgeport bridge, or one span of it, was only to accomplish this end a little more thoroughly. He had himself indicated that his own wish up to this time was to approach and coöperate with Halleck's army, and not to move in the opposite direction. It was not candid, therefore, to say to the Government, through channels aside from the military ones, that he did not understand the order as to the bridges, or to intimate that he had reason to fear a purpose to abandon that line of railroad. Had he told the Secretary of War in full what was the part of the general plan assigned to him, the matter would have been clear enough; but instead of doing this, he sent through Mr. Chase insinuations that there was no plan, or worse.

Mitchell's biographer thinks that in saying he was ordered to burn the bridges, he intended to include the great bridge at Decatur, the west end of the section of railroad which he held. If this were so, it would gravely add to his fault. Buell's letter was dated April 19, and contained the direction to destroy the Tennessee bridge east of Stevenson, "and also the Decatur bridge as soon as you should leave it." Mitchell could not have misapprehended the condition attached to this order. The correspondence makes it perfectly clear that one of the contingencies to be considered was that the enemy might drive him back upon Nashville, and in that event the Decatur bridge was to be burned. We should prefer not to believe that he could represent this as a peremptory order to burn that bridge.

Buell's order was explicit as to a bridge beyond Stevenson, and Mitchell had himself anticipated and justified it by burning one, though not the one which Buell indicated; that one the enemy burned a little later. But the Decatur bridge was a very important structure in the line leading directly towards Halleck's army where Buell was. To preserve this till he should be driven away from that part of the country was the plain dictate of common sense. Mitchell had urged Buell to have Tuscumbia occupied in force. This point was on the same railroad, and was reached from Huntsville by crossing the river at Decatur and running west, on the south side, some thirty or forty miles. Buell was under Halleck's orders, who thought Mitchell could hold it with an outpost. This irritated the latter, and was the occasion not only of his despatch to Chase, but of his writing to Buell a few days later, "As you attach little impor-

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tance to the occupying of Tuscumbia and the south side of the river beyond Decatur, I have decided quietly to withdraw my troops to the north side of the river, and will then destroy the bridge." It were an easy thing (he did it in other cases) to have fortified the bridge-head on the south side. He was not driven away from it. No demonstration was made by the enemy at that point that was in the slightest degree formidable. He remained in possession of the road as far as Decatur (excepting the bridge) till Buell joined him in person after the occupation of Corinth. Yet by his correspondence with Mr. Chase and Mr. Stanton over the heads of his superiors, he impressed them with the belief that he was an able and vigorous general who was ordered to destroy the bridge by incompetent commanders. Halleck characterized it as a foolish act, and the official records do not sustain the biographer in the effort to shift the responsibility to Buell. The incontestable fact was, that Mitchell had not destroyed the Bridgeport bridge which Buell had directed to be burned, but had destroyed that at Decatur, which was only to be burned when he should leave the country which he did not leave.

Corinth having been taken, Grant was left there while Buell was ordered back into Tennessee. Halleck was soon promoted to be General-in-Chief at Washington. Buell was ordered to repair the Memphis Railroad to Mitchell's position and then to advance upon Chattanooga. Mitchell meanwhile kept up his direct correspondence both with Stanton and with Chase. On the 5th of June, in a letter which would seem to be in answer to one from Mitchell urging his transfer to some other field, Chase wrote, "You have done so much, you ought to be permitted to do more. If I could decide the question, you would come here at once, and be put where you could *do most*." The last words, underscored in the original, plainly point to the command of the Army of the Potomac. On June 21 Mitchell himself says to the Secretary of War by telegraph, "I respectfully solicit more active duty." Stanton replied that "the President regards the advance on east Tennessee as only second in importance to Richmond, and that you cannot be safely withdrawn from that field; so that the Department cannot gratify your wishes."

Buell joined Mitchell at Huntsville on the 29th of June, and it is very difficult to separate the correspondence just referred to from Mitchell's tender of his resignation three or four days later. The situation was fully discussed between them, and Buell treated him with entire respect and regard, but did not give orders for an immediate movement in accordance with Mitchell's impetuous suggestions. Thereupon the latter telegraphed the Secretary of War as follows: "Finding it impossible to serve my country longer under my present commander, I have to-day forwarded, through him, my unconditional resignation, and respectfully solicit leave of absence for twenty days." The biographer tells us that Mitchell was ordered to report at Washington, whither he immediately went, but we are not informed whether he pressed the acceptance of his resignation; at least it was not accepted. We are also told that the President intended for him the command of the Mississippi expedition which was given to McClernand, while Mr. Chase's memoirs show that he and Mr. Stanton urged Mitchell for the command in front of Washington, sending Pope to relieve McClellan on the James. It was at this point that Halleck was called to the capital, and Mitchell was not assigned to any command till September, when he was ordered to the Carolina coast. Just before this he had again thought of resigning, but wrote to a friend that it was opposed by so many high in power and influence that he deemed it his duty to refrain for the present.

It has now been definitely settled that Buell was rebuilding the Memphis Railroad by Halleck's orders, and Gen. Mitchell is himself witness to the fact that two months would be a small estimate for rebuilding the great bridge at Decatur which he had burned. Buell was, therefore, not responsible for this delay at the opening of the new campaign. He listened to Mitchell, but he did not explain to him what his own orders were; he did not complain to his subordinate of Halleck, nor did he correspond with the Secretary of War directly or through Mr. Chase. Mitchell exploded in a resignation which was a damaging Parthian shot at his commander, and most damaging (it is due to truth to say it) because the former had a powerful influence gained and used by irregular means which the latter did not feel at liberty to use even in self-defence, for, in his justification to Halleck, he limited himself to asking that the President might be shown his despatch.

Buell's reticence was a marked characteristic of him as an officer, and he carried it to excess. In several points of his military career he suffered from it, because they with whom he was working adopted as a maxim that he who does not publish his plans has none. He said of himself in an early letter to McClellan: "I have not written you very frequently because I could not write definitely, and because such (perhaps exaggerated) importance do I attach to secrecy in these matters, that I have hesitated to put my own thoughts to paper." It would have been better if, in this case, he had been more communicative to Mitchell, however undeserving the latter. In judging of Mitchell's conduct, however, we must remember that he had in his hands the written evidence that Stanton, Chase, and other powerful men in the Government had almost unbounded confidence in his opinions, and that when he declared he could no longer serve his country under Buell, he was giving the latter as nearly a fatal blow as it is ever in the power of one man to give another. Nor did Mitchell stop here. When he reached Washington, he submitted to Mr. Stanton a plan of campaign understood to be that which he pressed upon Buell. It is now published by his biographer to show how superior it was to Buell's, though it is extremely open to criticism. Without discussing this, it is enough to say that it was intended to justify his unwillingness to remain with Buell, and therefore was condemnatory of the latter; yet he did not feel called upon to supply Buell with a copy of it, or to give him any intimation that it had been written.

To the extent, therefore, that the President, the Secretary of War, and the Secretary of the Treasury had confidence in Mitchell, their minds were necessarily prejudiced against Buell without hearing him in his own defence. When Bragg moved from Chattanooga, this same influence had prepared the leading men of the Government to hold Buell responsible for the delay which was the result of Halleck's imperative orders. But, worst of all, when Buell had been relieved from command, the demand of Governor Morton that he should be sent before a military commission found these same great officers of the Government under this same prejudice thus created by his subordinate behind his back; and Halleck's real though timid and vacillating opposition to the demand, fell before it. It is, therefore, no injustice to Mitchell to say that he thus had, indirectly, a very large share in the Buell Commission, a proceeding which general public opinion is now rightly regarding as a disgraceful page in our military history.

Yet Mitchell did not profit by the injury he did another. The curious conjuncture of circumstances by which Mr. Lincoln was induced to make Halleck General-in-Chief, put the principal power of assigning officers to duty in the hands of one who looked upon Mitchell as insubordinate, over-ambitious, and intriguing. Besides this, Mitchell was made himself to feel the sting of having his conduct and his motives misconstrued. His whole life is guaranty enough for his personal honesty, yet he weakly allowed himself to assume a line of conduct in regard to the cotton trade which might easily be misinterpreted, and his habit of neglecting his military superiors in reporting, left him without the defence this would have given him. His morality was above reproach, yet some of his detachments were accused of outrages upon persons and property, which were made use of to damage his reputation for military discipline and for humanity. These things, combined with Halleck's evident distrust of him, turned the balance when it was a question of assigning him again to an important command, and he died a bitterly disappointed man.

It is rather late to draw a moral from the use of irregular and doubtful methods of influence in military matters during the war. Historical retrospect, however, is full of morals, and can hardly avoid pointing such lessons. The military rule that official communications must pass through the hands of immediate superiors has its best justification in such incidents as Mitchell's career discloses. The history also shows how likely great officers of the Administration are to do injustice when they encourage direct correspondence of subordinate military men with themselves. Mr. Chase was beyond question a patriotic man and an able Secretary of the Treasury; but through the whole war he cultivated the habit of corresponding with military officers and drawing from them criticisms of the military situation. He was a sort of godfather to a considerable number of generals, and reminded them of their obligations to him for appointment or promotion. Among his correspondents at different times were McDowell, McClellan, Rosecrans, Mitchell, Nelson, Rousseau, and Garfield; and this by no means exhausts the list. He was a powerful friend, and pushed the interests of his protégés, though his sense of public duty made him drop them if they failed of success in important commands. His error was that he based his judgment of their military ability too much upon their trenchant criticisms of others, or their suggestions of paper campaigns, rather than on their own performance. He befriended some able men, but he also did much injury to others by giving powerful effect to hostile suggestions of which the victims were ignorant.

It is almost demonstrably clear that this was the case as between Mitchell and Buell. Give to Mitchell every credit which can be claimed for his march to Huntsville, and the fact remains that he was a general who never saw a battle nor any considerable combat in the field. The opinion of Chase and of Stanton of his military capacity was chiefly based upon his letters of criticism and his ardently expressed desire for vigorous action. Yet these statesmen, on such evidence, did not hesitate to declare strongly their wish to intrust him with the command of the most important army, overlooking Grant, who had made a more daring march and had captured Fort Donelson with nearly twenty thousand prisoners; over-

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looking Buell, who had led the Army of the Cumberland into the second day's fight at Shiloh with splendid ability; overlooking Thomas, who had gained the brilliant victory at Mill Springs. Robert Anderson, Sherman, and Buell in succession found their relations to the War Department made intolerable, and in each case it is now plain that Mitchell's correspondence and complaints had much to do with their embarrassments. When we add to this the fact that such criticism, made in ignorance of the other's real purposes, and listened to without hearing the other side, was sometimes sufficient for the condemnation of a commander in the field, we shall begin to suspect that the ultimate judgment of history will be that the blunders of the war were not confined to the generals.

The Health of Nations. A review of the works of Edwin Chadwick. By Benjamin Ward Richardson. 2 vols., 8vo. Longmans, Green & Co. 1887.

If the noblest study of mankind is man, one of the most fascinating branches of it is the effect on man of his environment, and one of the most beneficent forms of good works is to prepare and make straight those paths that lead to health, to wealth, and to happiness. Bred to the law, but scarcely to be called a practitioner of it, Mr. Edwin Chadwick, now eighty-eight years old, for more than sixty years has been a public economist of the most advanced and practical type. As a member of boards and commissions, and as an independent essayist, he has traversed nearly the entire social field, and his researches and conclusions on life insurance, on the relation of sickness to mortality, on general vital statistics, intemperance, education (especially as to methods and limitations among young children), upon roadways, sewerage, sanitary dwellings, epidemics, the prevention of crime, and, in fact, upon almost the whole round of civilized life, are of very great and lasting value. Although primarily prepared for English use, many of the facts and all of the reasoning so fairly meet the requirements of other countries that Dr. Richardson, himself an eminent sanitarian, is fully justified in entitling his review 'The Health of Nations.'

Into these two volumes the editor has compressed numerous and important papers with such condensation and critical comment that no further abstract within our limits is possible. The work has been well done, and, in the words of the preface, "the reader of the present day will be able to form an idea, not only of the changes which have taken place for good, but of those which still remain to be effected before the realization of the aspirations of our author have been fulfilled." But even as they stand, they form a wonderful record of the progress that has been made within the life of one man, largely due to that man.

The Ignoramuses. By Mrs. Schuyler Crowninshield. Boston: D. Lothrop Co.

The author of 'Among the Lighthouses' now offers a book which will be liked by readers young, but not too young, whose taste has not been spoiled by exciting literature. It tells a story of travel and sight-seeing in Germany and Switzerland. The subjects chosen are, as a rule, less hackneyed than usual; there is sufficient variety of incident and adventure, and very little wearisomeness of description. The narrative impresses one as if it were really true—the different characters standing out distinctly, and not seeming mere puppets set up to render instruction a shade less dry. Thus, while a good many desirable bits of information are gleaned as the story goes on, the interest is fairly divided between the scenes described and the persons supposed to be viewing them. One of the best-drawn characters is that of a perverse and conceited boy of sixteen, whose sayings and doings should be profitable reading to not a few young people who stand higher in their own esteem than in other people's. In brief, this one is a great improvement on most of the books of travel which have lately been written for youth. The engravings are not of even excellence, some being very effective, others very poor.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Deane, W. J. Abraham: his Life and Times. A. D. F. Randolph & Co. $1.
Farrar, Canon F. W. Solomon: his Life and Times. A. D. F. Randolph & Co. $1.
Galdós, B. P. Leon Roch: a Romance. From the Spanish by Clara Bell. In 2 vols. W. S. Gottsberger.
Life and Work of J. R. W. Sloane, D. D. Edited by his Son. A. C. Armstrong & Son.
New York Society-List and Club Register for the Season of 1887–8. 6 Wall St. $3.
Rawlinson, Prof. G. Moses: his Life and Times. A. D. F. Randolph & Co. $1.
Say, Léon. Turgot. [Les Grands Ecrivains Français.] Paris: Hachette; Boston: Schoenhof.
Schauffler, W. G. Autobiography. Edited by his sons. Introduction by Prof. E. A. Park. A. D. F. Randolph & Co. $1.25.
Schönbach, A. E. Ueber Lesen und Bildung. Graz: Leuschner & Lubensky; New York: Westermann.
Schuchardt, H. Auf Anlass des Volapük. Berlin: Robert Oppenheim.
Scott, Lucy A. Boys, and Other Boys. Chicago: Woman's Temperance Publication Association. 25 cents.
Scott, Sir W. Tales of Chivalry. Edited by W. J. Rolfe. Illustrated. Harper & Bros.
Scribner's Magazine. Vol. II. July–December, 1887. Charles Scribner's Sons.
Sievers, Prof. E. An Old English Grammar. Translated and edited by Prof. Alfred S. Cook (Jena). 2d ed. Boston: Ginn & Co. $1.12.
Smiles, S. Character. Harper's Franklin Square Library. 20 cents.
Smiles, S. Life and Labor; or, Characteristics of Men of Industry, Culture, and Genius. Harper & Bros.
Smiles, S. Thrift. Harper's Franklin Square Library. 20 cents.
Snell, F. J. Lysias. Epitaphios. Part 1. Macmillan & Co. 50 cents.
Socin, A. Schriftsprache und Dialekte im Deutschen. Heilbronn: Gebr. Henninger.
Starrett, Helen Ekin. Letters to Elder Daughters, Married and Unmarried. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 75 cents.
Stevenson, R. L. Memoir of Fleeming Jenkin. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.
Sweet, H. A Second Anglo-Saxon Reader. Archaic and Dialectical. Macmillan & Co. $1.10.
Talbert, Ferdinand. De la Prononciation en France au xvie siècle. Première partie: les Voyelles. Paris: Thorin; Boston: Schoenhof.
Theuriet, André. Les Œillets de Kerlaz. Paris: A. Lemerre; New York: Christern.
Trollope, T. A. What I Remember. Harper & Bros.
Trowbridge, J. T. Peter Budstone, the Boy that was Hazed. Illustrated. Boston: Lee & Shepard.
Van Bibber, T. E. The Holy Child; or, Flight into Egypt. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.
Verne, Jules. Le Chemin de France. Paris: Hetzel; New York: Christern; Boston: Schoenhof.
Vianna de Lima, A. L'Homme selon le Transformisme. Paris: Félix Alcan.
Villiers de l'Isle Adam. Tribulat Bonhomet. Paris: Tresse & Stock; Boston: Schoenhof.
Wandel der Zeiten: Vier Erzählungen. Wiesbaden: J. F. Bergmann; New York: Westermann.
Washburne, D. C. Songs from the Seasons, and Other Verses. 2d ed. St. Johnsbury: Charles T. Walter.
Watson, B. A. The Sportsman's Paradise; or, the Lakelands of Canada. Illustrated. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $3.50.
Ways for Boys to Make and Do Things. Illustrated. Boston: D. Lothrop Co. 60 cents.

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